Syn. 8. 55. 102

A DIALOGVE

CONTEININGE THE NOMBER IN EFFECT of all the prouerbs in the Englishe tounge, compact in a matter concernynge two maner of mariages, made and set foorthe by Iohn Heiwood.

Newely ouerseene, and somewhat augmented by the sayde Iohn Heiwood.

LONDINI.
1556.

[illegible] preface.

[illegible] ...er thinges profiting in our tong
[illegible] ...se whiche muche may profit both old aud yong.
[illegible] ...their fruite will feede or take holde
[illegible] our common plaine pithie prouerbes olde.
[illegible] ...of some of whiche heyng bare ond rude.
Yet to fine and fruitfull effect they allude.
And their sentences include so large a reache,
That almost in all thinges good lessons they teache.
This write I not to teache, but to touche. for why,
Men know this as well or hetter than I,
But this and this rest, I write for this.
Remembryng and consideryng what the pith is,
That by remambraunce of these prouerbes maie grow
In this tale, erst talked with a frende, I show
As many of them as we could fitly finde,
Fallyng to purpose, that might fall in minde.
To thentent that the reader redily maie
Finde them and minde them, whan he will alwaie.

66; 99

The firste p

The.i. chapiter.

Of myne acquaintance a cer...
(Beyng a resorter to me now an...
Resorted lately, showyng him selfe ...
Desirous to talke at length alone mith me.
And as we for this, a mete place had woon,
With this olde prouerbe, this yong man begon.
VVHO SO that knewe, what would be dere,
Should nede be a marchant but one yere,
Though it (ꝙ he) thing impossible be,
The full sequele of present things to foresee:
Yet doth this prouerbe prouoke euery man
Politikely (as man possible can)
In things to come after to caste eie before,
To caste out or kepe in things for fore store.
As the prouision maie seme most profitable,
And the commoditee most commendable.
Into this consideracion I am wrought
By two things, whiche fortune to hands hath brought
TVVO women I know, of whiche twaine the tone
Is a maide of flowryng age, a goodly one.
Thother a widowe, who so many yeres beares,
That all her whitnesse lythe in hir white heares.
This maide hath frends riche, but riches hath she none
Nor none can hir handes geat to liue vpon.
This wydow is very riche, and her frends bare,
And both these, for loue to wed with me fond are.
And both woulde I wed, the better and the wurs.
The tone for her person, the tother for her purs.

[illegible]kaunce, but my selfe they wooe.
[illegible] and small good can I dooe.
[illegible]ore maid hir riche frends I clerely know,
(So she wed where they will) great gyfts will be stow.
But with them all I am so far from fauer,
That she shall sure haue no grote if I haue her.
And I shall haue as littell, all my freends swere,
Except I folow them, to wedde els where.
The poore frends of this riche widow beare no sway,
But wed hir and win welth. whan I will I may.
Nowe whiche of these twayne is lyke to be derest
In peyn or pleasure to sticke to me nerest,
The depth of all doubtes with you to consider,
The sence of the saide prouerbe sendth me hither.
The best bargaine of both quickly to haue skande,
For one of them thinke I to make out of hande.

The ii. chapiter.

FRende (q I) welcome, and with right good will,
I will as I can, your will herein fulfyll.
And two thyngs I see in you, that shew you wise.
First in wedding er ye wed, to aske aduise.
The seconde, your yeres beyng yong it apeeres,
Ye regard yet good prouerbs of olde ferne yeres.
And as ye grounde your tale vpon one of them,
Furnishe we this tale with euerichone of them.
Suche as may fitly fall in mynde to dispose.
Agreed (q he) Then (q I) first this disclose.
Haue you to this old wydow, or this yong mayde,
Any wordes of assurance er this tyme sayde?

May

May in good faith saide he. Well than (saide I)
I will be plaine with you, and make honestly.
And plainly to speake, I like you (saide I)
In two fore tolde things, but a three haue I wayde
Not so muche to be liked, as I can deme,
Whiche is in your weddyng your haste so extreme.
THE BEST or worst thyng to man for this lyfe,
Is good or yll chooslyng his good or yll wyfe.
I meane not onely of body good or bad,
But of all things meete or vnmeete to be had,
Surbe as at any tyme by any meane maie
Betwene man and wife, loue encrease or decaie.
Where this grounde in any bed, grauely grateth,
All fyry hast to wed it soone rebateth.
Som things that prouoke young men to wed in haste,
Show after wedding, that hast maketh waste.
When time hath tourned white suger to whyte salte,
Than suche folke se, soft fyre maketh swete malte.
And that deliberacion doth men allyst
Before they wed to beware of had I wyst.
And than their tymely weddyng doth clere appere,
That they were earely vp, and neuer the nere.
And ones their hasty heat a litteli controlde,
Than perceiue they well, hotte loue soone colde.
And when hasty witlesse mirth is mated weele,
Good to be mery and wyse, they thynke and feele.
Haste in weddyng som man thinkth his owne anayle,
When haste proueth a rod made for his owne taple.
And when he is well beaten with his owne rodde,
Than seeth he hast and wisdome things far od.

And that in all, or most things, wyght at nede,
Moste tymes he seeth, the more haste the lesse spede.
In les things the wedding, hast showth hast mans so,
So that the hasty man neuer wanteth wo.
These sage sayd sawes if ye take so profounde,
As ye take that, by which ye toke your grounde,
Than find ye grounded cause by these now here told,
In haste to weddyng your hast to withhold,
And though they seme wyues for you neuer so fyt,
Yet let not harmfull hast so far out ren your wyt,
But that ye harke to here all the whole some,
That may please or displease you in tyme to come.
Thus by these lessons ye may learne good cheape,
In wedd[illegible]ng and all thing, to loke or ye leape.
Ye haue euen nowe well ouerlookt me (q he)
And kept very nye me to. For I agree,
That these sage sayynges dooe weightily way
Against hast in all thing, but I am at bay.
By other parables of lyke weightie weight,
Whiche hast me to weddyng, as ye shall here streight.

The .iii. chapiter.

HE that will not whan he maie,
Whan he would, he shall haue naie.
Beautie or riches the tone of the twayne
Nywe may I chose, and whiche me lyst obtayne.
And if we determine me, this mayde to take,
And then tract of tyme trayne her me to forsake:
Than my beautifull mariage lythe in the dyke,
And neuer for beautie, shall I wedde the lyke.

Now

Nowe if we awarde me this wife we to wedde,
And that I driue of tyme tyll tyme she be dedde,
Than farewell riches, the fat is in the fyre,
And neuer shall I to lyke riches aspyre.
And a thousand folde wolde it greue me more.
That she in my saute should dye one houre before,
Than one minute after. Than haste must prouoke.
When the pygge is proferd to holde vp the poke.
When the sunne shynth make hey. whiche is to saie.
Take tyme when tyme comth, lest tyme steale awaie.
And one good lesson to this purpose I pyke
From the smiths forge, when thyron is hote strike.
The sure sea man seeth, the tyde tarieth no man.
And long delaies or absence somwhat to skan.
Sens that that one will not, on other wyll,
Delaies in woers must nedes their spede spyll.
And touching absence, the full accompte who somthe
Shall see, as fast as one goth an other comthe.
Tyme is tyckell. and out of sight out of mynde.
Than catche and hold while I may, fast bynd fast synd.
Blame me not to haste, for feare mine eie be bierde.
And therby the fat cleane slit fro my berde.
Where wooers hoppe in and out, long time may bring
Hym that hoppeth best, at last to haue the ring.
I hopping without for a ring of a rushe.
And while I at length debate and beate the bushe,
There shall steppe in other men. catche the burdes,
And by long tyme lost in many vayne wurdes.
Betwene these two wiues, make slouth spede confound
While betwene two stooles, my tayle go to grounde.

By this, sens we see slouth must brede a scab,
Best sticke to the tone out of hand, hab or nab.
Thus all your prouerbs inuehyng against haste,
Be answerd with prouerbs plaine & promptly plaste.
Wherby, to purpose all this no further fits,
But to shewe, so many heds so many wits.
Whiche shewe as surely in all that they all tell,
That in my weddyng I may euen as well
Tary to longe, and therby come to late,
As come to soone by hast in any rate.
And proue this prouerbe, as the woordes therof go,
Haste or slouth herein worke nother welth nor wo.
Be it far or ny, weddyng is deskeny,
And hangyng likewise, saith that prouerbe, saide I.
Than wed or hang (q. he) what helpth in the whole
To hast or hang aloof, happy man happy dole.
Ye deale this dole (q. I) out at a wrong dur.
For deskeny in this case doth not so stur
Against mans indeuour, but man may direct
His will, fore prouision to worke or neglect.
But to shew ỹ quick wedding may bryng good spede,
Somwhat to purpose, your prouerbs proue in dede.
Howbeit, whether they counterpaise or out way
The prouerbes, whiche I before them did lay,
The triall therof we will lay a water,
Tyll we trie more. For tryng of whiche mater
Declare all commodities ye can deuise,
That by thole two weddings to you can rise.

The

I will (q he) in bothe these cases straight show,
What things (as I thynk) to me by them wil grow.
And where my loue began, there begin will I.
With this maide, the peere pereleſſe in myne eie.
Whom I ſo fauour, and ſhe ſo fauourth me,
That halfe a death to vs a ſonder to be.
Affection eche to other doth vs ſo moue,
That welny without foode, we could liue by loue.
For be I right ſad, or right ſicke, from hir ſight,
Her preſence abſenteth all maladies quight.
Whiche ſeen, and that the great ground in mariage
Standeth vpon likyng the parties perſonage,
And than of olde prouerbes in opening the packe,
One ſheweth me openly in loue is no lacke.
No lacke of liking, but lacke of liuyng,
Mate lacke in loue (q I) and brede yll cheuyng.
Well as to that (ſaide he) harke this o thyng,
What time I lacke not hir, I lacke nothing.
But though we haue nought, nor nought we can geat,
God neuer ſendth mouth, but he ſenth meat.
And a hard beginning maketh a good endyng.
In ſpace comth grace, and thus further amending.
Seldome cometh the better, and like will to like.
God ſendth colde after clothes. and this I pike.
Sye, by lacke of ſubſtaunce ſemyng but a ſparke,
Steynth yet the ſkoutell. For a leg of a larke
Is better than is the body of a kyght.
And home is homely, though it be poore in ſyght.

These prouerbs for this parte shew suche a flourishe,
And than this partie doth delite so nourishe,
That much is my bow bent to shoote at these marks,
And kyl feare, when the sky falth we shal haue larks.
All perils that fall maie, who fearth they fall shall,
Shall so feare all thyng, that he shall let fall all,
And be more fraid than hurt, if the things wer doone.
Feare may force a man to call beyond the moone.
Who hopeth in Gods helpe, his helpe can not faile:
Nothing is impossible to a willyng hart,
And will maie wyn my herte, herein to consent,
To take all thyngs as it comth, and be content.
And here is (q he) in maryng of this mayde,
For courage and commoditee all mine ayde.
Well saide (saied I) but a while kepe we in quenche,
All this case, as touchyng this poore yong wenche.
And nowe declare your whole consideration,
What maner thyngs draw your imagination,
Toward your weddyng of this widow riche and olde.
That shall ye (q he) out of hande haue tolde.

The .vi. chapiter.

THis shydowe beyng foule, and of fauour yll,
In good behauour can beraie good skyll.
Pleasantly spoken, and a beraie good wyt,
And at her table, whan we together syt,
I am well serued, we fare of the best.
The meate good and holsome, and holsomly dresst.
Swete and softe lodgeyng, and therof great shyfte.
This felte and seene, with all implementes of thrifte,

Of

Of plate and money suche cubpordes and coffers,
And that without peyne I may win these profers,
Than couetise bearyng Venus bargaine backe,
Praisyng this bargaine saith, better leaue then lacke.
And gredinesse, to drawe desire to hir lore,
Saieth, that the wise man saieth, store is no sore.
Who hath many pease maie put the mo in the pot.
Of two yls, chose the least while choyse lyth in lot.
Sens lacke is an yll as yll as man maie haue,
To prouide for the worst, while the best it selfe saue.
Restie welth wylth me this wydow to wyn,
To let the world wag, and take mine ease in myne in.
He must nedes swym, that is holde vp by the chin.
He laugth that wynth. And this threede finer to spyn,
Maister promotion saieth, make this substance sure,
If ryches bryng once portly countenaunce in dre.
Than shalt thou rule the rost all rounde about.
And better to rule, than be ruled by the rout.
It is saide be it better be it wurs,
Doo ye after him that beareth the purs.
Thus be I by this, oues le seniore de graunde,
Many that commaunded me, I shall commaunde.
And also I shall to reueng former hurts,
Hold their noses to grinstone, and sit on their skurts,
That erst sat on myne. And riches may make
Frends many wais. Thus better to geue than take.
And to make carnall appetite consent
Reason laboreth wyll to wyn wils content,
To take lacke of beautie but as on eye sore.
The faire and the foule, by darke ar lyke store.

When

When all candels be out, all cats be grey,
All things are then of one colour, as who sey.
And this prouerbe saith, for quenching hot desyre,
Foule water as soone as fayre, will quenche hot fyre.
Where gifts be geuen freely, est west north or south,
No man ought to loke a geuen hors in the mouth.
And though her mouth be foule, she hath a fayre taste,
I construe this text, as is moste my auaile.
In want of white teeth and yelow heares to behold,
She flourisheth in white siluer and yelow gold.
What though she be toothlesse, and balde as a coote:
Her substance is shoote anker, wherat I shoote.
Take a peyne for a pleasure all wise men can.
What, hungry dogges will eat durty puddyngs man.
And here I conclude (q' he) all that I knowe
By this olde widow, what good to me maie growe.

The .vi. chapiter.

YE haue (q' I) in these conclusions founde
Sundrie things, that veray sauerly sounde,
And bothe the long tales, beyng well vewde
In one short question, we may well inclewde,
Whiche is, whether best or wurst be to be ledde
With riches, without loue or beautie, to wedde:
Or with beautie without richesse for loue.
This question (q' he) inquerth all that I moue.
It doth so (said I) and is neerely couched.
But thanswere will not so breuely be touched.
And your selfe, to length it, taketh direct trade.
For to all reasons, that I haue yet made.

Ye seme more to seke reasons by
Than to the councell of myme to.
And to be playne, as I must with ...
I perfectly feele euen at my fingers ende.
So harde is your hande set on your halfpeny
That my reasonyng your reason setteth nought by.
But reason for reason, ye so craftly ley
By prouerbe for prouerbe, that with you do way,
That reason onely shall herein nought moue you
To here more than speake. wherfore I wil proue you
With reason, assisted by experience.
Whiche my selfe sawe, not long sens nor far hence.
In a matter so lyke this fashond in frame,
That none can be lyker, it semeth euen the same,
And in the same. as your selfe shall espy
Ethe sentence soothed with a prouerbe, welny.
And at ende of the same, ye shall clerely see
How this short question shortly answerd may bee,
Ye mary (q he) now ye shoote nie the pricke.
Practise in all, aboue all toucheth the quicke.
Proofe vppon practise, must take holde more sure,
Than any reasonyng by gesse can procure.
If ye bryng practise in place, without fablyng.
I wyll banysh both haste and busy bablyng.
And yet that promise to performe is mickell.
For in this case my toung must oft tickell.
Ye knowe well it is, as telth vs this olde tale,
Meete, that a man be at his owne bridale.
If he wiue well (q I) meete and good it were.
Or els as good for him an other were there.

...le I meane not in it,
...pend your speche euery whit,
...n th... ...iages, whiche ye here meue,
...ens this tale conteinth the counsaile I can geue,
I would se your eares attend with your tong,
For aduise in bothe these weddyng, olde and yong.
In whiche heryng, time seene when & what to talke,
When your tong tyckleth, at wyll let it walke.
And in these brydales, to the reasons of ours,
Marke mine experience in this case of yours.

The seuenth chapter.

VNithin few yeres past, from London no far way
Where I & my wife, w̃ our poore houshold lay,
Two yong men were abiding whom to discriue,
Were I, in portratyng persons dead or aliue,
As cunnyng and as quicke, to touche them at full,
As in that feate I am ignoraunt and dull,
Neuer could I paynte their pictures to allow,
More liuely, than to paint the picture of yow.
And as your three persons shew one similitewd,
So shew you three one, in all thing, to be vewd,
Likewise a widowe and a maide there did dwell,
A lyke lyke the wydow and mayde ye of tell.
The frends of theim foure in euery degree,
Standyng in state as the frends of you three,
Those two men, eche other so hasted or taried,
That those two women on one daie they maried.
Into two houses, whiche next my house dyd stand,
The one on the right, thother on the lefte hand.

Both

Both bridegromes bad me,
But dine with the tone, and sup
He that wedded this widow riche an
And also she, fauourd me so, that they wo
Make me dine or sup ones or twise in a wek
This poore yong man and his make beyng to
As oft, where they might eate or drinke, I the
Were I at home, to suche pittaunce as I had.
Whiche cõmon conference suche confidence wro
In them to me, that dede, worde, ne welny thou
Chaunced among them, what euer it weare,
But one of the four brought it streight to myne e
Wherby betwene these twayne, and their two wiu
Bothe for welthe and wo, I knew all their four liu
And sens the matter is muche intricate,
Betweene syde and side, I shall here seperate
All matters on both sydes, and than sequestrate,
Thone syde, while thother be full reherst, in rate,
As for your vnderstandyng maie best stande.
And this yong poore couple shall come first in hande.
Who, the day of weddyng and after, a while,
Could not looke eche on other, but they must smile.
As a whelpe for wantonnes in out whipps,
So playde these twayne, as mery as three chipps.
Pe there was God (q he) whan all is doone.
Abyde (q I) it was yet but hony moone.
The blacke ore had not trode on his nor her foote.
But er this branche of blys could reach any roote,
The flowers so faded, that in fifteue weekes,
A man might espie the chaunge in the cheakes.

...tch, & his wife this pore wenche,
...es, ẏ Totnam was tournd french.
...t laughyng turnd and translated
...ghyng, all mirth was amated.
... mornyng tymely he tooke in hande,
...ake to my house, a sleeueles errande.
...kyng vpon me, his mynde herein to breake.
...che I would not see, tyll he began to speake.
...iyng me to here him. And I saide, I wolde.
...erwith this that foloweth forthwith he tolde.

The viii. chapitr

...m nowe driuen (ꝙ he) for ease of my herte.
To you, to vtter part of mine inward smerte.
And the matter concerneth my wife and me.
Whose fathers and mothers long sens dead be.
But vncles, with auntes and cosins, haue wee
Diuers riche on both sydes, so that we did see.
If we had wedded, eche, where eche kynred wolde,
Neither of vs had lackt, either siluer or golde.
But neuer coulde suite, on either syde obtayne
One peny, to the one weddyng of vs twayne.
And sens our one mariyng or marryng daie,
Where any of them see vs, they shrinke awaie,
Solemnly swearyng, suche as maie geue ought,
While they and we liue, of them we get right nought.
Nor nought haue we, nor no waie ought can we get,
Sauyng by borowyng, tyll we be in det
So far, that no man any more will vs lende.
Wherby, for lacke we bothe be at our wittz ende.

Where

wherof no wonder, sens the end [illegible]ur good,
And beginnyng of our charge, to g[illegible]er skood.
But wit is neuer good tyll it be bought.
Howbeit when bought wits to best price bee brought:
Yet is one good forewit worth two after wits.
This paith me home to,and full my foly hits.
For had I lookt afore, with indifferent eye,
Though halke had made me thurst neuer so dryer
Yet to drowne this drought,this must I nedes thynk,
As I wolde nedes brewe, so must I nedes drynk.
The drynke of my bride cup I should haue forborne,
Tyll temperance had tempred the talke before.
I see nowe, and shall see whyle I am alliue,
Who wedth or he be wise shall die or thriue.
I syng now in this facte, factus est repente,
Now my eies be open I do repent me.
He that will sell lawne before he can folde it.
He shall repent hym before he haue solde it.
Som bargains dere bought, good chepe wold be sold,
No man loueth his fetters, be they made of gold.
Were I loose from the louely lynges of my chayne,
I would not daunce in suche fayre fetters agayne.
In house to kepe housekold , whan folkes wyll wed,
No thyngs belong, than foure bare legs in a bed.
I reckned my weddyng a suger sweete spice,
But reckners without their host must recken twice.
And all though it were swete for a weke or twayne,
Swete meate wil haue sowre sauce,I se now playne.
Continuall penurie, whiche I must take,
Telch me, better eye out then alwaie ake.

Boldly and blindly I ventred on this,
How be it, who so bolde as blynd Bayard is?
And herein to blame any man, then should I raue.
For I dyd it my selfe: and selfe do, selfe haue.
But a date after the fayre, comth this remors,
For relefe: for though it be good hors
That neuer stumbleth, what praise can that auouche
To fades ỹ breake their neks at first trip or touche.
And before this my first foyle or breakneck fall,
Suptilly like a sheepe thought I, I shall
Cut my cote after my cloth: when I haue her.
But now I can smell, nothyng hath no sauer
I am tought to know, in more hast than good speede.
Now Iudicare came into the Creede.
My carefull wife in one corner wepeth in care,
And I in an other the purs is threde bare.
This corner of our care (q he) I you tell,
To craue therin your comfortable counsell.

The ix. chapiter.

I Am sory (q I) of your pouertee,
And more sorie, that I can not succour yee,
If ye stur your nede myne almes to stur,
Then of trouth ye beg at a wrong mans dur.
There is nothing more vayne, as your selfe tell can,
Than to beg a breeche of a bare arst man.
I come to beg nothing of you (q he)
Saue your aduise, whiche may my best way be,
How to wyn present saine, for this present sore.
I am lyke thyll surgeon (sayd I) without skore

Of oood plaisters. Howbeit suche as they are,
Ye shall haue the best I haue. But first declare,
Where your and your wiues riche kinsfolke do dwel.
Enuyronned about vs (q; he) whiche shewth wel,
The nere to the churche, the ferther from God.
Most parte of them dwell within a thousand rod.
And yet shall we catche a hare with a taber,
As soone as catche ought of them, and rather.
Ye plaie coleprophet (q; I) who takth in hande,
To knowe his answere before he do his errande.
What should I to them (q; he) flyng or flyt,
An vnbidden geast knoweth not where to syt.
I am cast at carts ars, some folke in lacke
Can not prease, A broken sleue holdth tharme backe.
And shame drawth me backe, beyng thus forsaken.
Tushe man (q; I) shame is as it is taken.
And shame take him, ẏ shame thinkth ye thynke none.
Vnminded, vnmoned, go make your mone.
Tyll meate fall in your mouth, will ye lie in bed,
Or sit still? nay. he that gapeth tyll he be fed,
Maie fortune to fast and famishe for hunger.
Set forward, ye shall neuer labour yonger.
Well (q; he) if I shall nede this viage make,
With as good will as a beare goth to the stake,
I will streight weie anker, and hoyse vp sayle.
And thytherward hye me in haste like a snayle.
And home agayne hytherward quicke as a bee.
Nowe for good lucke, caste an olde shoe after mee.
And first to mine vncle, brother to my father,
By suite, I will assaie to win some fauer.

Who brought me vp, and tyll my weddyng was don
Loued me, not as his nephew, but as his son.
And his heire had I been, had not this chaunced
Of lands and goodes, which shuld me much auanced.
Trudge (q; I) to hym, and on your marybones,
Crouche to the grounde, and not so oft as ones
Speake any one word him to contrary.
I can not tell that (q; he) by Seint mary.
One yll worde areth an other, as folke; speake,
Well (q; I) better is to bow than breake.
It hurteth not the tounge to geue fayre words.
The rough net is not the best catcher of birds.
Sens ye can nought win, if ye can not please,
Best is to suffre. For of suffrance comth ease.
Cause causeth (q; he) and as cause causeth me,
So will I doo. And with this awaie went he.
Yet whether his wife shuld go with him or no,
He sent hir to me to know er he would go.
Wherto I saide, I thought best he went alone.
And you (q; I) to go streight as he is gone,
Among your kynsfolke likewyse, if they dwell ny.
Yes (q; she) all round about euen here by.
Namely an aunte, my mothers sister. who well
(Sens my mother died) brought me vp from the shel.
And much wold haue geuē me, had my wedig grown
Vpon hir fansy, as it grew vpon mine owne.
And in likewyse myne vncle hir husband, was
I father to me. Well (q; I) let pas.
And if your husbande will his assent graunt,
Go, be to his vncle, and you to your aunt.

Yes

Yes this assent he granteth before (q; she)
For he er this thought this the best to be.
But of these two thinges he wolde determine none
Without ayde. For two hedes are better than one.
With this we departed, she to hir husbande,
And I to dyner to them on thother hande.

¶ The x. chapiter.

When dyner was doone, I came hame agayne
To attende on the returne of these twayne.
And er three houres to ende were fully tryde,
Home came she first, welcome (q; I) and well hyde,
Ye a short horse is soone corryd (q; she)
But the weaker hath the wurs we all daie see.
After our last partyng, my husbande and I
Departed, eche to place agreed formerly.
Myne vncle and aunte on me dyd loure and glome.
Bothe bad me god spede, but none bad me welcome.
Their folkes golnd on me to, by whiche it apereth.
The yonge cocke croweth, as he the old hereth.
At dyner they were, and made (for maners sake)
A kynswoman of ours me to table take.
A false flattryng fylth, and if that be good.
None better to beare two faces in one hood.
She speaketh as she would crepe into your bosome.
And whan the meale mouth hath woon the bottome
Of your stomake, than will the pikthanke it tell
To your most enmies, you to bye and sell.
To tell tales out of schole, that is hir great luft.
Loke what she knowth, blab it wift, and out it must.

There is no mo suche titifyls in Englands ground,
To holde with the hare, and run with the hound.
Fyre in the tone hande, and water in the tother,
The makebate beareth betwene brother and brother.
She can winke on the yew, and wery the lam,
She maketh earnest matters of euery flymflam.
She must haue an ore in euery mans barge.
And no man may chat ought in ought of hir charge.
Coll vnder canstyk, she can plaie on bothe hands,
Dissimulacion well she vnderstands.
She is lost with an apple, and woon with a nut.
Her tong is no edge toole, but yet it will cut.
Her chekes are purple ruddy lyke a horse plumme.
And the byg part of hir body is hir bumme.
But litle titte all tayle, I haue herd er this
As high as twoo horse loues her person is,
For priuie nyps or calks ouerthwart the shyns,
He shall lese the maistry that with hir begyns.
She is, to turne loue to hate, or ioye to grefe
A paterne, as mete as a rope for a thefe.
Her promise of frendship, for any auayle,
Is as sure to holde as an ele by the tayle.
She is nother fyshe nor flesh, nor good red hearyng.
She is a ryngleader there, And I fearyng
She would spit her venym, thought it not euyll
To sette vp a candle before the deuyll.
I clawd her by the backe in waie of a charme,
To do me, not the more good, but the lesse harme.
Prayeng her in her eare, on my syde to holde,
She therto swearyng by her false faith, she wolde.

Streght

Streight after diner myne aunte had no choice,
But other burst, or burst out in pilats voice.
Ye huswife, what wynde blowth ye hither thus right?
Ye might haue knokt er ye cam in, leaue is light.
Better vnborne than vntought, I haue herd saie,
But ye be better fed then taught farre awaie.
Not very fat fed, saide this flebergebet,
But nede hath no lawe, nede maketh hir hither set.
She comth nere Ales (q. she) for that is hir name,
More for nede, than for kyndnes, peyne of shame.
Howbeit she can not lacke, for he synth that seekes,
Louers liue by loue, ye as larkes liue by leekes,
Saied this Ales, muche more than halfe in mockage.
Tushe (q. mine aunte) these louers in dotage
Think the ground beare them not, but wed of corage
They must in all haste, though a leafe of borage
Might bie all the substance that they can sell.
Well aunt (q. Ales) all is well that ends well.
Ye Ales, of a good beginnyng comth a good end.
Not so good to borowe, as be able to lend.
Saie in deede aunt (q. she) it is sure so,
She must nedes grāt, she hath wrought hir own wo.
She thought Ales, she had sene far in a millstone,
When she gat a husbande, and namely suche one,
As they by wedding could not onely nought wyn,
But lose bothe liuyng and loue of all their kyn.
Good aunt (q. I) humblie I beseche ye,
My trespas done to you forgeue it me.
I know & knowlage, I haue wrought mine own peine
But things past my hands, I can not call againe.

True (q Ales) thinges done can not be vndoone,
Be they done in due tyme, to late, or to soone,
But better late then neuer to repent this.
To late (q mine aunt) this repentance shewd is.
Whan the stede is stolne shut the stable durre.
I woke hir for a rose, but she bredeth a burre.
She comth to sticke to me nowe in his lacke,
Rather to rent of my clothes fro my backe,
Than to do me one farthyng woorth of good.
I see date at this little hole. For this bood
Shewth what fruit wil folow. In good faith I saide
In waie of petition I sue for your aide.
A well (q she) now I well vnderstand
The walkyng staffe hath caught warmth in your hãd
A cleand fingerd huswife, and an idell, folke saie,
And wyll be lyme fyngerd I feare by my faie.
It is as tender as a parsons lemman.
Nought can she dooe, and what can she haue than?
As sober as she seemth, fewe daies come about
But she will ones washe hir face in an ale clout.
And than betweene hir and the rest of the rout,
I proud, & thou proud, who shall beare thashes out.
She maie not beare a fether, but she must brethe.
She maketh so muche of her peynted shethe.
She thynkth her farthyng good syluer I tell you,
But for a farthyng who euer dyd sell you
Myght bolt you to be better sold than bought.
And yet though she be worth nought, nor haue nought
Her gowne is gaier and better than myne.
At hir gaie gowne (q Ales) ye maie repine.

How

Howe be it as we maie we loue to go gaie all.
Well well (q̄ myne aunte) pryde wyll haue a fall.
For pride goeth before, and shame cometh after.
Sure (saide Ales) in maner of mockyng laughter,
There is nothyng in this worlde that agreeth wurs,
Then doeth a Ladies hert and a beggers purs.
But pride she shewth none, hir looke reason alouth,
She lookth as butter wolde not melte in hir mouth.
Well the still sow eats vp all the draffe Ales.
All is not golde that glisters by tolde tales.
In youth she was towarde and without euill.
But soone rype soone rotten, yong seynt olde deuill.
How be it lo god sēdth the shrewd coow short hornes.
While she was in this house shs sat vppon thornes.
Ethe one daie was three, tyll lybertie was borow,
For one monthȝ loie to bryng hir hole lyues sorow.
It were pitie (q̄ Ales) but she should do well.
For beautie and stature she beareth the bell.
Ill weede growth fast Ales.wherbi the corne is lorne.
For surely the weede ouergroweth the corne.
Ye praise the vyne, before ye tast of the grape.
But she can no more harme than can a shee ape.
It is a good body, hir propertie preues.
She lacketh but euen a new payre of sleues.
If I maie (as they saie) tell trouth without syn.
Of trouth she is a wolfe in a lambes skyn.
Hir herte is full hye,whan hir eye is full low.
A gest as good lost as founde,for all this show.
But many a good coowe hath any euill caulfe.
I speake this doughter in thy mothers behalfe.

My sister (God rest hir soule) whom though I bost,
Was cnld the floure of honestee in this cost.
Aunt (q. I) I take for father and mother
Myne vncle and you aboue all other.
When we wold, ye wold not be our childe (q. she)
Wherfore now whan ye wold, now will not we.
Sens thou woldst nedes cast awaie thy selfe thus,
Thou shalte sure synke in thyne own syn for vs.
Aunt (q. I) after a dotyng or dronken deede,
Let submission obteine some mercie or meede.
He that kylth a man, whan he is dronke (q. she)
Shalbe hangd whan he is sobre. And he
Whom in itchyng no scratchyng will forbeare,
He must beare the smartyng that shall folowe there.
And thou beyng borne very nigh of my stocke,
Though ny be my kyrtell, yet nere is my smocke.
I haue one of mine owne whom I must loke to.
Ye aunt (q. Ales) that thinge must ye nedes do.
Nature compelth you to set your owne fyrst vp.
For I haue herd saie, it is a deere colup
That is cut out of thowne flesh. But yet aunte,
So small mate her request be, that ye maie graunte
To satisfie the same, whiche maie do her good,
And you no harme in thauansyng your owne blood.
And colin (q. she to me) what ye wold craue,
Declare, that our ant may know what ye wold haue.
May (q. I) be they wynners or loosers,
Folke saie alwaie, beggers should be no chooosers.
With thanks I shal take what euer myn aunt please.
Wher nothyng is, a little thyng doth ease,

Hunger

Hunger maketh hard beanes swete. wher saddles lack
Better ride on a pad, than on the hors bare backe.
And by this prouerbe aperth this o thyng,
That alwaie somwhat is better than nothing.
Hold fast whan ye haue it (quoth she) by my lyfe.
The boy thy husbande, and thou the gyrle his wyfe,
Shall not consume that I haue laboured fore.
Thou art yong inough, and I can worke no more.
Ryt calot my colyn sawe this thus far on,
And in mine aunt? eare she whispreth anon
Roundly these woords, to make this matter whole.
Aunt, leat them that be a colde blowe at the cole.
They shall for me ales (q? she) by gods blyfe.
She and I haue shaken handes. farewell vnkyfe.
And thus with a becke as good as a dieu gard.
She flang fro me, and I from hir hither ward.
Beggyng of hir booteth not the woorth of a beane.
Litel knoweth the fat sow, what the lean doth meane.
Forsoeth (q? I) ye haue beslyrd ye well.
But where was your vncle whyle all this fray fell?
A slepe by (q? she) routyng lyke a hog.
And it is euill wakyng of a slepyng dog.
The bitche and hir whelp might haue bene a slepe to.
For ought they in wakyng to me would do.
Fare ye well (q? she) I will now home streite.
And at my husbands hand? for better newes weite.

¶ The xi. chapiter.

HE came home to me the next daie before noone.
What tydings now (q? I) how haue ye dyone?

Upon

Upon our departyng (q; he) yesterdaie
Toward myne vncles, somwhat more than mydway.
I ouertooke a man, a seruaunt of his,
And a frend of myne. who gessed streight with this,
What myne errant was, offeryng in the same,
To do his best for me, and so in gods name.
Thyther we went no body beyng within,
But myne vncle, myn aunte, and one of our kyn.
A mad knaue, as it were a raylyng gesker,
Not a more gaggyng gandar hense to Chester.
At sight of me he asked, who haue we there?
I haue seene this gentleman, if I wyst where.
Howe be it lo, seldome seene, soone forgotten.
He was (as he will be) somwhat cupshotten.
Sire daies in the weke beside the market daie.
Malt is aboue wheate with him. market men saie.
But for as muche as I sawe the same taunt
Contented well myne vncle and mine aunt,
And that I cam to fall in, and not to fall out,
I forbare: or els his dronken red snout,
I wold haue made as oft chaunge from hew to hew,
As doth the cocks of. Inde For this is trew.
It is a small hop on my thombe. And Christ wot,
It is wood at a woorde. little pot soone whot.
Nowe mery as a cricket, and by and by,
Angre as a waspe, though in both no cause why.
But he was at home there, he might speake his will.
Euery cocke is proude on his owne dunghill.
I shall be euen with hym herein whan I can.
But he hauyng done, thus myne vncle began.

Pe

Ye marchant, what attempth you, to attempt vs,
To come on vs before the messenger thus?
Coming in an out, I here how ye tosse.
But sonne, the rollyng stone neuer gathereth mosse.
Lyke a pyckpurs pilgrim, ye prie and ye proule
At rouers, to rob Peter and pate Poule.
Iwes I know, or any more be tolde,
That draff is your errand, but drynke ye wolde.
Uncle (q. I) of the cause, for whiche I com,
I pray you patiently here the hole som.
In sayth (q. he) without any more summyng
I know to beg of me is thy cummyng.
Forsoth (q. his man) it is so in deede.
And I dare boldly bosse, if ye knewe his neede,
Ye wolde of pittie yet set him in some stey.
Sonne, better be enuied than pitied, folke sey.
And for his cause of pitee (had he had grace)
He might this day haue beene clere out of the case.
But now he hath well fysht and caught a frog.
Where nought is to wed with, wise men flee the clog.
Where I (q. I) did not as ye wyld or bad,
That repent I oft, and as oft wishe I had.
Sonne (q. he) as I haue herd of myn olders,
Wishees and wolders be no good householders.
This prouerbe for a lesson, with such other.
Not lyke (as who saieth) the sonne of my brother,
But lyke myne owne sonne, I ofte before shewd the,
To cast hir quyte of, but it wolde not be.
Whan I wyld the any other where to go.
Tushe, there were no mo maydes but malkyn tho.

Ye had been lost to lacke your lust, whan ye lyste,
By two myles trudgeyng twise a weke to be kyst.
I would ye had kist well I will no more skurre.
It is good to haue a hatche before the durre.
But who will in tyme present pleasure refrayne,
Shall in tyme to come, the more pleasure obtayne.
Folowe pleasure, and than will pleasure flee.
Flee pleasure, and pleasure will folowe thee.
And howe is my sayyng come to passe now?
How oft did I prophecie this betweene yow?
And your gynkinnee nycebecetur,
Whan swete suget should tourne to soure salt petur.
Wherby ye should in seyng that ye neuer sawe,
Thynke that you neuer thought your selfe a dawe.
But that tyme ye thought me a dawe. so that I
Dyd no good in all my wurds then, saue onely
Approued this prouerbe playne and true mater,
A man mate well brynge a horse to the water,
But he can not make hym drynke without he wyll.
Colts (q. his man) may prouse well with tatches yll.
For of a ragged colte there cumth a good horse.
If he be good now of his ill pass no force
Well, he thot handgth him selfe a fondate (said he)
Shall hang still vncut downe a mondate for me.
I haue hangd vp my hatchet, God spede hym well.
A wonder thing what thyngs these old thynges tell.
Cat after kynde good mouse hunt. And also
Men sate, kynde will creepe where it mate not go.
Commenly all thyng shewth fro whens it cumme.
The litter is lyke the to the syre and the damme.

How

How can the fole amble, if the hors and mare trot?
These sentences are assigned vnto thy lot,
By condicions of thy father and mother,
My syster in lawe, and myne owne said brother.
Thou folowest their steppes as right as a lyne.
For when prouander prickt them a littell tyne,
They did as thy wife and thou dyd, both dote
Eche on other, and beyng not worth a grote,
They went (witlesse) to weddinge. wherby at lasse
They both went a beggyng. And euen the lyke casse
Hast thou. thou wilt beg or steale, er thou dye.
Take heede frende I haue sene as far come as nye.
If ye seke to synde thyngs. er they be lost,
Ye shall synde one daie you come to your cost.
This do I but repete, for this I tolde the,
And more I saie. but I could not than holde the.
Nor will not holde tha now: nor suche foly feele,
To set at my hert that thou settest at thy beele.
And as of my good, er I one grote gyue,
I wyll see how my wife, and my selfe maie lyue.
Thou goest a glenyng er the cart haue caried.
But er thou gleind ought, sens thou wouldst be maried
Shal I make the laugh now, and my self wepe then?
Maie good child, better childzen wepe than old men.
Men shuld not prese much, to spend much vpon fools.
Fithe is casse awaie that is cast in drie pools.
To flee charge, and synde ease, ye wold now here offe.
It is ealy to crie ble at other mens coste.
But a bow long bent, at length must waxe weake.
Long bent I toward you, but that bent I wil breake

Fere

Fare well and sede full, that lone ye well to do.
But you luste not to do, that longeth therto.
The cat would eate fyshe, and wold not wet her feete.
They must hongre in frost, that wil not worke in heete.
And he that will thriue, must aske leaue of his wyfe.
But your wife will geue none, by your and hir lyfe.
It is harde to wiue and thriue bothe in a yere.
Thus by thy wyuyng, thryuyng doeth so appere,
That thou art past thryft before thrykt begyn.
But lo, wyll will haue wyll, though will wo wyn.
Will is a good sonne, and will is a shrewde boy.
And wilfull shrewde will hath wrought thee this toy.
A gentill white spurre, and at nede a sure speare.
He standth now as he had a flea in his eare.
Now be it for any great courtesie he doth make,
It semth the gentill man hath eaten a stake.
He beareth a dagger in his sleue, trust me,
To kyll all that he meteth prouder then he.
He will perke, I here say he must haue the benche.
Jacke wold be a gentleman if he could speke frenche.
He thinkth his fete be, wher his hed shal neuer come.
He woulde fayne flee, but he wanteth fethers, some.
Sir (quoth his man) he will no faute defende,
But harde is for any man all fautes to mende.
He is liueles, that is fautles, olde folkes thought.
He hath (q; he) but one faute, he is nought.
Well (q; his man) the best cart maie ouerthrowe.
Cart; well driuen (q; he) go longe vpright thowe.
But for my rewarde, let him be no longer tarier.
I will send it him, by John Longe the tarier.

O helpe him sir, sayd he. sens ye easily mate.
Shamfull crauyng (q he) must haue shamfull nate.
Ye mate spy (q he) mend thye nates with one ye.
Two false knaues nede no broker, men say (sayd he)
Some sate also it is merry when knaues meete.
But the mo knaues the worse company to greete.
The one knaue now crouchith, while thother crauith.
But to shew what shall be his releuauith.
Either after my death if my wyll be kept,
Or daryng my life, had I this hall kept
With golde, he mate his parte on good fridate eate,
And fast neuer the murs, for ought he shall geate.
These former lessons conde, take forth this, sonne.
Tell thy cardes, & than tell me what thou hast wonne.
Nowe here is the doore, and there is the wey.
And so (q he) farewell gentill Geffrey.
Thus parted I from him, beyng much dismaied,
Whiche his man saw, and (to comfort me) saied.
What man, plucke vp your hert, be of good there.
After cloudes blacke, we shall haue wether clere.
What should your face thus agayn the woll be shorne
For one fall: What man al this wind shak no corne.
Let this wynd ouerblow. a tyme I will spy,
To take wynde and tyde with me, and spede therby.
I thanke you (q I) but great bost and small roste,
Maketh vnsauery mouthes, where euer men ofte.
And this boste berale vnsauorly serueth.
For while the grasse groweth the horse sterueth.
Better one byrde in hande than ten in the wood.
Rome was not built in one date (q he) and yet stood.

Till it was finisht, as some say, full faire.
Your hert is in your hose all in dispayre.
But as euery man saith, a dog hath a day.
Should you a man, dispaire than any daie? nay.
Ye haue many strings to the bow, for ye know.
Though I, hauyng the bent of your vncles bow,
Can no waie bryng your bolt in the but to stand,
Yet haue ye other marks to roue at hande.
The kays hang not all by one mans girdell man.
Though nought wilbe woon here, I say, yet ye can
Taste other kynsmen, of whom ye may geat.
Here some and there some, many smal make a great.
For come light winnyngs with blessings or curses,
Euermore light gaynes make heauy purses.
Children lerne to crepe er they can lerne to go.
And little and little, ye must lerne euen so.
Throw no gyft agayne at the geuers head,
For better is halfe a lofe than no bread.
I maie beg my bread (q, I) for my kyn all
That dwelth ny. Well, yet (q, he and the worst fall,
Ye maie to your kynsman, hens nyne or ten mile.
Rich without charge, whom ye saw not of long while,
That benchsthistler (q, I) is a pinchpeny,
As free of gyft, as a poore man of his eye.
I shall get a fart of a dead man as soone
As a farthing of him, his dole is soone doone.
He is so hy in thinstep, and so streight laste,
That pryde and couetise withdrawth all repaste,
Ye know what he hath beene (q, he but ywis,
Absence saith plainly, ye know not what he is:

Men

Men know (q; I) I haue herd now and then,
How the market goth by the market men.
Further it is saide, who that saiyng weyth,
It must nedes be true, that euery man seyth.
Men say also, children and fooles can not ly.
And both man and child saieth, he is a heinsby.
And my self knowth hym, I dare boldly brag,
Euen as well as the begger knowth his bag.
And I knew him, not worth a good grey grote.
He was at an ebbe, though he be now a flote,
Poore as the poorest. And now nought he setteth.
By poore folke, for the parysshe priest forgetteth
That euer he hath bene holy water clerke.
By ought I can now here, or euer could marke,
Of no man hath he pitie, or compassion.
Well (q; he) euery man after his fashion.
He mate yet pitte you, for ought doth appere,
It hapth in one houre, that hapth not in. vii. yere.
Forspeake not your fortune, nor hide not your nede.
Nought beter nought hane, spar to speke spar to spede
Unknowne vnkyst. it is lost that is vnsought.
As good seeke nought (q; I) as seke and find nought.
It is (q; he) yll fyshyng before the net.
But though we get little, dere bought and far fet
Are delities for Ladies. Go we both too,
I haue for my maister thereby to doo.
I mate breake a dysshe there, and sure I shall
Set all at fire and seuen, to wyn some wyndfall.
And I will hang the bell about the cats necke,
For I will first breake, and leobard the first checke.

And for to wyn this praie, though the cost be mine,
Leat vs present him with a bottle of wyne.
What should we (q' he) grease the fat sow in thars,
We maie do much ill) er we do much wars.
It is, to geue hym, as much almes or nede
As cast water in tems, or as good a dede,
As it is to helpe a dogge ouer a stile.
Than go we (q' he) we lese tyme all this while.
To folow his fancy, we went together.
And toward night yesternight when we came thither,
She was within, but he was yet abrode.
And streight as she sawe me. she swelde lyke a tode.
Vatrying the diuels Pater noster to hir selfe,
God neuer made a more crabbed elfe.
She bad hym welcome, but the wurs for me.
This knaue comth a beggyng, by me thought she.
I smelde her out, and had hir streight in ths wynde.
She maie abide no beggers of any kynde.
They be both gredy guts all geuen to get.
They care not how. all is fyshe that comth to net.
They know no ende of their good, nor begynnyng
Of any goodnesse. suche is wretched wynnyng.
Hunger droppeth euen out of bothe their noses.
She goth with broken shone and torne hoses
But who is wurs shod, than the shoemakers wyfe,
With shops full of newe shoes all her lyfe?
Or who will do lesse, then they that may do most?
And namely of hir I can no waie make bosse,
She is one of them, to whom God bad who.
She will all haue, and will right nought forgo.

She will not part with the paryng of hir nayles,
She topleth continually for auayles.
Whiche life she hath so long now kept in bre,
That for no life the wolde make chaunge, be sure.
But this lesson lernde I, er I was yeres seuen,
They that be in hell, wene there is none other heuen.
She is nothyng fayre, but she is yll fauoured.
And no more vnkenly, than vnswete sauored.
But hakney men saie, at mangy haraines hyer,
A scald hors is good inough for a scabbe squyer.
He is a knuckylbonyard beraie meete
To matche a mynion nother fayre nor sweete.
He winkth with the tone eie and lokth with y tother
I will not trist him though he were my brother.
He hath a poyson wit, and all his delite,
To geue tauntes and checkes of most spitefull spite.
In that house commonly suche is the cast,
A man shall as soone breake his necke as his fast.
And yet nowe suche a gyd did hir i ead take,
That more for my mates then for maners sake,
We had bread and drynke, and a chese very greate.
But the greatest crabs be not all the best meate.
For her crabbed chese, with all the greatnesse,
Myght well abyde the tyneneste, or sweatnesse,
Anon he cam in. And whan he os sawe,
To my co mpanion kyndlie he dyd drawe.
And a welfauourd welcum to him he yeelds.
Byddyng me welcom strangly ouer the feelds.
With these words, Ah yong mā I know your maker,
By my faith you come to loke in my water.

And for my comfort to your consolacion,
Ye would, by my purs, geue me a purgacion.
But I am laratiue inough there otherwyse:
This (q; this ponge man) contrary doth ryse.
For he is purs sicke, and lacketh a physicion,
And hopeth vpon you in some condicion.
Not by purgacion, but by restoratiue.
To strength his weakneſſe to kepe him aliue.
I can nat (q; he) for though it be my let
To haue speculacion, yet I practise not.
I see muche, but I say little, and do lesse.
In this kynd of philike. and what would ye gesse,
Shall I consume my selfe, to restore hym now?
Nay, backare (q; mortimer to his sow)
He can before this tyme, no tyme assyne,
In whiche he hath laied downe one peny by myne,
That euer might eyther make me bite or sup.
And by; lady frend, nought ley down, nought take vp.
Ka me, ka the, one good turue askth an other.
Nought won by the tone, nought won by the tother.
To put me to coste, thou canst halfe a score myles,
Out of thyne own nest, seke me in these out yles.
Where thou wilt not step ouer a straw, I thynke,
To wyn me the worth of one draught of drynke.
No more than I haue wonne of all thy holl flocke.
I haue bene common Jacke to all that hole flocke.
When ought was to doo, I was common hackney,
Folke call on the hors that will cary alwey.
But euermore the common horse is worste shod.
Desert and reward be oft tymes thyngs for od.

At

At end I might put my winnyng in myne eye,
And see neuer the worse, for ought I wan them by.
And now without them, I liue here at staues end.
Where I nede not borowe, nor I will not lend.
It is good to beware by other mens harmes,
But thy takyng of thyne aulter in thin armes.
Teacheth other to beware of their harmes by thine.
Thou hast stricken the ball, vnder the line.
I praie you (q I) pittee me a poore man,
With somewhat, tyll I mate worke as I can.
Toward your woorking (q he) ye make such talkings
As approue you to be none of the hastings.
Ye ren to worke in hast as nine men helde ye.
But whan so euer ye to worke must yelde ye.
If your mete mate and you mete together,
Than shall we see two men beare a fether.
Recompensyng former loytryng lyke loose,
As dyd the pure penitent that gale a goose,
And stak downe a fether. And where old folke tell.
That euell gotten good neuer proueth well.
Ye wyll truely get, and true gettyng well kepe
Till tyme ye be as ryche as new shorne shepe:
Howe be it whan thryft and you fell first at a fray,
You played the man, for ye made thrift ren away.
So helpe me god, in my poore opinion,
A man might make a plaie of this minion.
And fain no ground, but take tales of his own frends
I sucke not this out af my owne fingers ends.
And sens ye were wed. although I nought gaue you,
Yet praie I for you, God and saint Luke saue you.

And here is all. For what shuld I further wade?
I was neither of court nor of counsayle made.
And it is, as I haue lerned in listnyng,
A poore dogge, that is not worthy the whistlyng.
A date er I was wedde, I bad you (q; I)
Yearborough warnyng I had (q; he) wherby,
I kept me thens, to serue the accordyng.
And nowe if this nightes lodgeyng and bordyng.
Make ease the, and ryd me from any more charge,
Than welcome, or els get the freight at large,
For of further rewarde, marke how I bost me,
In case as ye shall yeld me as ye cost me,
So shall ye cost me as ye yelde me likewyse.
Whithe is, a thyng of nought rightly to surmyse.
Here with all his wyfe to make vp my mouthe,
Not onely her husbandes tauntyng tale auouthe,
But therto deuiseth to cast in my teeth,
Checks and chokyng oysters. And whan she seeth
Her tyme to take vp, to shew my fare at best,
Ye se your fare (saide she) set your hert at rest.
Fare ye well (quoth I) how euer I fare now.
And well mote ye fare bothe whan I dyne with yow.
Come, go we hens friend (quoth I to my mate)
And now will I make a crosse on this gate.
And I (quoth he) crosse the quite out of my booke:
Sens thou arte crosse sayde. anale vnhappie hooke.
By hoke or croke nought could I wyn there, men say
Yt that comth euery daie, shall haue a cocknaie.
Ye that comth now and then, shall haue a fat hen.
But I gat not so muche in comyng seelde when,

As

As a good hens fether, or a poore egshell.
As good plaie for nought as work for nought, folk tel.
Well well (q; he) we be but where we were.
Come what come wold, I thought or we cam there,
That if the worst fell, we could haue but a naie,
There is no harme doone man in all this traie.
Neither pot broken, nor water spylt.
Farewell he (q; I) I will as soone be hylt,
As waite again for the mooneshyne in the water.
But is not this a praty pyked matter?
To disdeigne me, who muck of the world beedth not,
As he doth, it maie ryme but it accordth not.
She fometh like a boze, the beast should seme bolde.
For she is as fiers, as a Lyon of Cotsolde.
She fryeth in her owne grease, but as for my parte,
If she be angry, beshrew her angry harte.
Frend (q; he) he maie shew wisdome at wyll,
That with angry hert can holde his tongue styll.
Let patience growe in your gardein alwaie.
Some loose or od ende will come man, some one daie,
From some frende, eyther in lyke, or at death,
Death (q; I) take we that tyme, to take a breath?
Than graffe we a grene graffe on a rotten roote,
Who waitth for dead men shoen, shal go long barfoote
Let passe (q; he) and let vs be trudgeing,
Where some noppy ale is, and softe swete ludgeing.
Be it (q; I) but I would very fayne eate.
At breakfast and diner I eete little meate.
And two hungry meales make the thryde a glutton:
We went where we had boylde beefe & bake mutton.

wherof I fed me as full as a tunne.
And a bed were we er the clocke had nine runne.
Earely we rose, in haste to get awaie.
And to the hostler this morning by daie
This felowe calde. what how hylow, thou knaue,
I pray the leat me and my felowe haue
A heare of the dog that bote vs last night.
And bitten were we both to the brayne aright,
We sawe eche other drunke in the good ale glas,
And so dyd eche one eche other, that there was.
Saue one, but olde men saie that are skyld,
A hard foughten feeld, where no man scapeth vnkyld.
The reckning reckned he, needs would pay the shot,
And nedes he must for me, for I had it not.
This doone we shoke hands, and parted in tyns,
He into his waie, and I into myne.
But this iorney was quite out of my waie.
Many kynsfolke and few frends, some folke saie.
But I fynde many kinsfolke, and frende not one.
Folke saie, it hath ben saide many yeres sens gone.
Proue thy frend er thou haue nede, but in dede.
A freende is neuer knowen tyll a man haue nede.
Before I had nede, my most present foes
Semed my most frends, but thus the worlde goes,
Euery man backeth the fat hog we see.
But the leane shall burne er he backed bee.
As seyth this sentence, oft and long sayd before,
He that hath plentie of goodes shall haue more,
He that hath but a little, he shall haue lesse.
He that hath right nought, right nought shall possesse.

Thus

Thus hauing right nought, & wold somwhat obtain,
With right nought (q he) I am retorned againe.

The xii. chapiter.

SUrely (q I) ye haue in this tyme thus worne,
Made a long harueſt for a little corne.
Howbeit, comforte your ſelfe with this old text,
That telth vs, when bale is hekſt, boote is nert.
Though euery man mate not ſyt in the chayre.
Yet alway the grace of God is woorth a fayre.
Take no thought in no caſe, God is where he was.
But put caſe in pouertee all your lyfe pas.
Yet pouertee and poore degree, taken well,
Feedth on this. he that neuer clymbde, neuer fell.
And som caſe at ſom tyme ſhewth preeſe somwhere,
That riches bryngth oft harme, and euer feare.
Where pouertee paſſeth without grudge of greeſe.
What man, the begger mate ſyng before the theef.
And who can ſyng ſo mery a note,
As mate he, that can not chaunge a grote.
Ye (q he) beggers mate ſyng before theeues,
And wepe before true men, lamentyng their greeues
Some ſate, and I fele hunger perſeth ſtone wall.
Meate nor yet money to bye meate withall,
Haue I not ſo muche as mate hunger defende
Fro my wyfe and me. Well (q I) God will ſende
Tyme to prouide for tyme, right well ye ſhall ſe.
God ſende that prouiſion in tyme, ſaide he.
And thus lemyng welny wery of his lyfe,
The poore wretch wēt to his like poore wretched wyfe.

From

Frō wantōnes to wretchednes, brought on their knees
Their hertes full heauy, their heades be full of bees,
And after this a monthe, or somewhat lesse,
Their landlorde came to their house to take a fresse
For rent, to haue kept Bayard in the stable.
But that to wyn, any power was vnable.
For though it be yll playyng with short daggers,
Whiche meaneth, that euery wise man staggers,
In earnest or boorde to be busy or bolde
With his byggers or betters, yet this is tolde.
Where as nothing is, the kyng must lose his right.
And thus, kyng or keyser must haue set them quight.
But warnyng to departe thens they neded none.
For er the next daie the birdes were flowne echone,
To seke seruyce, of whiche where the man was sped,
The wyfe coulde not spede, but maugre hir hed,
She must seke els where. for either there, or ny,
Seruice for any suite she none could espy.
All folke thought them not onely to lyther,
To lynger bothe in one house togyther,
But also dwellyng ny vnder their wyngs,
Vnder their noses, they might conuey thyngs.
Suche as were nother to heuy nor to whot.
More in a month then they theyr maister got
In a whole yere. Wherto folke further weiyng,
Receiue echo of other in their conueiyng,
Might be worst of all. For this prouerbe preeues,
Where be no receyuers, there be no theeues.
Suche hap here hapt, that cōmon drede of such gyles
Droue them and kepeth thea sonder many myles
Thus

Thus though loue decre, departure death to be,
Yet pouertee parteth felowship we see.
And doth these two trew louers so disseuer,
That meete shall they seeld when, or haply neuer.
And thus by loue, without regard of lyuyng,
These twayn bane wrought eche others yll cheuyng,
And loue hate so lost them the loue of their freends,
That I thinke them lost, and thus this tale eends,

¶ The xiii. chapiter.

AH sir (said my frend) whā men wil neds mary,
I see nowe, how wisdomd and hast maie vary,
Namely where they wed for loue all togyther.
I wold for no good, but I had come hyther.
Swete beautie with soure beggery, naie I am gon,
To the welthy wythered wydow, by Sent John.
What yet in all haste (q̃ I Ye (q̃ he)
For she hath substance inough. and ye see,
That lacke is the losse of these two yong fooles.
Know ye not (q̃ I) that after wise mens schooles,
A man should here all parts, er he iudge any?
Why are ye that (q̃ he. For this (quoth I)
I tolde you, whan I this began that I wolde
Tell you of two couples. and I hauyng told
But of the tone, ye be streight startyng awey,
As I of the tother had right nought to sey.
Or as your selfe of them right nought should here.
Naie not all so (quoth he) but syns I thynk clere,
There can no waie apgere so peinfull a lyfe,
Betwene your yong neybour and his old ryche wyfe,

As

As this tale in this yong poore couple doth showe,
And that the most good or least yll ye knowe.
To take at ende, I was at beginnyng bent,
with thanks for this, and your more pein to preuent,
without any more matter now reuolued,
I take this matter here clerely resolued.
And that ye herein awarde me to forsake,
Beggerly beautie, and riueld riches take.
Thats iust, if the halfe shall iudge the whole (q; I)
But yet here the whole, the whole wholly to try.
To it (q; he) than I praie you by and by.
We will dyne first (q; I for it is noone hy.
We maie as well (q; he) dine whan this is doone.
The longer forenoone the shorter after noone.
All comth to one, and therby men haue gesse,
Alwaie the longer east the shorter west.
We haue had (q; I) before ye came, and syn,
Weather, meete to sette paddockes abrode in.
Rain, more thā enough, & whan al shrews haue dind,
Chaunge from foule wether to faire is oft inclind.
And all the shrews in this parte, sauyng one wife.
That must dine with vs, haue dinde peine of my life.
Now if good chaunge of yll wether be dependyng
Upon her diet, what were mine offendyng,
To kepe the woman any longer fastyng.
If ye (q; he) fet all this farre fastyng.
For common wealth, as it appereth a clere case,
Reason wold your will shuld, and shall take place.

¶ Thus endeth the first part.

The

The seconde parte.

¶ The .i. chapiter.

DIners can not be long, where deintes want,
Where coine is not cõmon, cõmons must be scãt
In poste pase we past thom potage to cheese,
And yet this man cride, alas what tyme we leese.
We would not let vs pause after our repaste,
But apart he pluckt me streight, and in all haste,
As I of this poore yong man, and poore yong mayd,
Or more pore yong wife, the forsaid words had said,
So prateth he me now the processe maie be tolde,
Betwene thother yong man, and riche widow olde.
If ye lacke that (q I) awaie ye must wynde,
With your holle errand, and halfe thanswer behynd,
Which thyng to do, sens hast therto shewth you loth,
And to hast your goyng, the daie away goth,
And that tyme losse, agayn we can not wyn.
Without more losse of tyme, this tale I begyn.

IN THIS late old widow, and than old new wife,
Age and appetite fell at a strong strife.
Her lust was as yong as her lyme were olde.
The daie of hir weddyng, lyke one to be solde,
She set out her selfe in fine apparell.
She was made lyke a bere pot, or a barell.
A croked hoked nose, beetyll browde, blere eyde.
Many men wisshte, for beautifying that bryde.
Her waste to be gyrde in, and for a boone grace,
Some well fauoured visor, on her yll fauoured face.

But

But with visorlike visage, suche as it was.
She smirked, and she smyled, but so lisped this las,
That folke myght haue thought it done onely alone,
Of wantonnesse, had not hir teth bene gone.
Upright as a candle standth in a socket,
Stode she that daie, so simple de cocket,
Of auncient fathers she toke no cure nor care.
She was to them, as koy as a crokers mare.
She toke thentertainment of the yong men
All in dalliance. as nice as a nuns hen.
I suppose that daie hir eares might well glow.
For all the towne talkt of hir hie and low.
One saide, a well fauourd old woman she is.
The diuell she is said an other. and to this.
In came the thyrde, with his .v. egges, and saide,
Fyfty yere ago I knewe hir a trym maide.
What euer she were than (sayd one) she is now,
To become a bryde, as meete as a sowe
To beare a saddle. She is in this mariage
As comely as a cowe in a cage.
Gup with a galde backe gill, come vp to souper.
What mine olde mare woulde haue a newe crouper.
And now myne old hat must haue a new band.
Well (q. one) glad is he that hath hir in hand.
A goodly mariage she is, I here saie.
She is (q. one, were the woman awaie.
Well (q. an other) fortune this moueth.
And in this case euery man as he loueth,
Quoth the good man, whan that he kyst his cowe.
That kille (q. one) doth well here, by god a bowe.

But

But how can she geue a kysse sowre or sweete?
Her chin and her nose, within halfe an inche meete.
God is no botcher syr, saide an other.
He shapeth all partes, as ethe part maie fitte other.
Well (q one) wisely, let vs leaue this skanning.
God spede them. be as he maie is no banning.
That shalbe, shalbe. and with gods grace they shall
Doo well, and that they so maie, wishe we all.

THIS wonder (as wonders lask) lasted nine daies.
Whiche done, & al gests of this feast gon their waies,
Ordinary householde this man streight began.
Very sumptuously, which he might well do than.
What he wold haue, he might haue, his wife was set,
In such dotage of him, that faire wordes did set,
Gromelsede plentie, and pleasure to prefer,
She made muche of him, and he more muche of her.
I was as (I saide) muche there, and most of all
The first month in which time such kindnes did fal,
Betwene these two counterfaite turtle burdes.
To see his sweete looks, and here her sweete wurdes,
And to thinke wherfore they bothe, put bothe in vre,
It wold haue made a horse breake his halter sure.
Al the first fortnight their tickig might haue taught,
Any yong couple, their loue tickes to haue wrought.
Some taught, & said, all thing is gaie that is grene.
Some therto said, the grene new broome sweepth clene.
But sens all thing is the worse for the wearyng,
Details of cleane sweepyng folke had in fearyng.
And in dede, er two monthes awaie were crept,
And hir biggest baggs into his bosome swept.

Where loue had apered in him to hir alway
Hotte as a toste, it grew cold as a kay,
He at meate caruyng hir, and none els before,
Now carued he to all but her, and her no more.
Where her words seemd hony, by his smilyng there,
Now are they mustard, he frowneth them to here.
And whan she sawe swete sauce begyn to ware soure,
She wart as sowre as he, and as well could lowre.
So turned they their tippets by way of exchaunge,
From laughyng to lowryng, & taunts did so raunge,
That in plaine terms, plaine truth to you to vtter.
They two agreed, like two cats in a gutter.
Mary sir (q; he) by scratchyng and byting
Catts and dogs come together. by folkes rectifying.
Together by the eares they come (q; I) cheresly,
How be it those words are not voyde here clerely.
For in one state they twaine could not yet settle.
But wauerying as the wynde. in docke out nettle.
Now in now out, now here now there, now sad,
Now mery, now hie now lowe, nowe good now bad.
In whithe vnsteady sturdy stormes streinable.
To know how they bothe were irrefreynable,
Marke how they fell out, and how they fell in.
At ende of a supper she did thus begin

¶ The .ii. chapiter.

HUsbande (q; she) I would we were in our nest.
Whan the bely is full, the bones wold be at rest.
So soone vpon souper (sayd he) no question,
Slepe maketh yll and vnholsome digestion.

By that diete a great disease ons I gat.
And burnt childe fyre dredth. I will beware of that.
What a post of phisyke (saied she) ye a post.
And from post to piller wyke, I haue ben tost
By that surfet. And I feele a little fit,
Euen now, by former attemptyng of it.
Wherby, except I shall seeme to leaue my wit,
Before it leaue me, I must now leaue it.
I thanke God (q; she) I neuer yet felt payne,
To go to bed timely, but risyng agayne
To soone in the mornyng, hath me displeased.
And I (q; he) haue bene more diseased,
By earely lyng downe, than by earely risyng.
But thus differ folke so, in exercisyng.
That one mate not, an other mate.
Wise maketh maistry, and men many tymes fate,
That one loueth not, an other doth, which hath sped,
All meates to be eaten, and all maydes to be wed.
Haste ye to bed now, and ryse ye as ye rate.
While I ryse early, and come to bed late.
Long lyng warme in bed is holsome (q; she)
While the leg warmeth, the boote harmeth (q; he)
Well (q; she) he that doth as most men doo,
Shalbe leste wondred on, and take any too,
That be man and wife in all this holle towne.
And moste parte together, they rise and lie downe.
When byrds shall rouse (q; he) at. viii. or ten,
Who shall appoynt their houre, the cocke, or the hen,
The hen (q; she) the cocke (q; he) iust (q; she)
As Iermans lips. It shall proue more iust (q; he)

Than proue I (q; she) the moze foole far awaie.
But there is no foole to the olde foole, folke saie.
Ye are wyse inough (q; he) if ye kepe ye warme,
To be kept warme, and foz none other harme,
Noz foz muche moze good, I tooke you to wedde.
I toke not you (q; he) nyght and daie to bedde.
Her carrain carkas (saide he) is so colde,
Because she is aged, and somwhat to olde,
That she kylth me, I doo but roll a stone.
In warmyng her. And shall not I saue one,
As she wold saue an other: yes by seint Johñ.
A syz (q; she) mary this geare is alone.
Who that wozst maie, shall holde the candell, I see.
I must warme bed foz hym should warme it foz me.
This medicine thus ministred is sharpe and colde.
But all thyng that is sharpe is shozt. folke haue tolde.
This trade is nowe begun, but if it holde on,
Then farewell my good daies. they will be soone gon.
Gospell in thy mouth (q; he) this stryfe to breake.
Now be the gospell is not gospell that thou doest speake.
But what nede we lumpe out loue at ones lashyng.
As we should now shake hands. what soft foz dashyng.
The fayze lasteth all the yere. we be new kneet,
And to late met, that I feare we parte not yeet,
Quoth the baker to the pillozy. which thyng,
From distemperat fondyng. temperance maie bzyng.
And this reason to ayde, and make it moze strong,
Olde wise folke saie, loue me little, loue me long.
I say little (sayd she) but I thynke moze.
Thought is free. Ye leane (q; he) to the wzong shoze.

Braus

Branlyng booted not, he was not that night bent,
To plaie the brydegroome. Alone to bed she went.
This was their beginnyng of iar, How be it,
For a beginnyng this was a feat fit.
And but a fleabityng to that did ensew.
The worst is behind. we come not where it grew.
How saie you saide he to me) by my wife
The diuell hath cast a bone (sayd I) to set strife
Betwene you, but it were a foly for me,
To put my hand betwene the barke and the tre.
Or to put my finger to far in the fyre,
Betwene you, and laie my credence in the myre.
To meddle liltle for me it is beste.
For of little meddlyng cometh great reste.
Yes ye may meddle (q̃ he) to make her wise,
Without takyng harme, in geuyng your aduise,
She knowth me not yet, but if she waxe to wyld,
I shall make her knowe, an old knaue is no childe.
Sluggyng in bed with her is worse than watchyng.
I promise you an olde sacke axeth muche patchyng.
Well (q̃ I) to morowe I will to my beades,
To praie, that as ye bothe will, so ake your heades.
And in meane tyme my aking head to ease,
I will couche a hogs hed. Quoth he whan ye please.
We parted, and this within a daie or twayne,
Was raakt vp in thashes, and couerd agayne.

¶ The .iii. chapiter.

THese two daies past, he said to me, whā ye will,
Come chat at home, al is wel. Jak shal haue gil

Who had the wurs ende of the staffe (q; I now:)
Shall the maister weare a breeche, or none. say you.
I trust the sow will no more so deepe wroote.
But if she do (qnoth he) you must set in foote.
And whom ye see out of the waie, or shoote wyde,
Ouer shoote not your selfe any syde to hyde.
But shoote out some woordes, if she be to whot.
She maie saie (q; I) a fooles bolte is soone shot,
Ye will me to a thankelesse office here.
And a busy officer I maie appere.
And Jack out of office she maie bid we walke.
And thynke me as wise as Waltams calfe, to talke,
Or chat of her charge, hauyng therin nonght to doo.
Now be it, if I se nede, as my part comth too,
Gladly betwene you I will doo my best.
I byd you to diner (q; he) as no geste,
And bryng your poore neighbors on your other syde.
I did so. And streight as tholde wyfe vs espyed,
She bad vs welcome. and merily toward me,
Greene rushes for this stranger, strawe here (q; she)
With this aparte she puld me be the sleue.
Saiyng in few woords, my mynd to you to meue,
So it is, that all our great straie the last night,
Is forgeuen and forgotten betwene vs quight.
And all straies by this I trust haue taken end.
For I fully hope my husband will amend.
Well amended (thought I) whan ye both relent,
Not to your owne, but ethe to others mendment.
Now if hope fatle (q; she) and chaunce bryng about
Any suche breache, wherby we fall again out,

I pray

I pray you tell him his pars pers now and than.
And winke on me also hardly if ye can
Take me in any tryp. Quoth I, I am lothe,
To meddle commoly. For as this tale gothe,
Who medleth in all thyng, maie shoe the gosling,
Well (q. she) your medlyng herin may bring
The wind calme betwene vs, whan it els might rage
I will with good will (q. I) ill wynds to swage,
Spend som wind at nede, though I waste wind in vain.
To table we sat, where fyne fare dyd remayn.
Mery we were as cup and can could holde,
Eche one with eche other homely and bolde.
And she for her parte, made vs there heauen hie.
The fyrst part of diner mery as a pye.
But a scalde head soone broken. and so they,
As ye shall streight here, fell at a new frey.

The .iiii. chapiter.

HUsband (q. she) ye studie, be mery now.
And euen as ye thinke now so come to you.
May not so (q. he) for my thought to tell right,
I thynke how ye lay gronyng wife, all last night.
Husband, a gronyng hors, and a gronyng wyfe,
Neuer fall their maister (q. she) for my lyfe.
No wyfe, a woman hath nine liues lyke a cat.
Well my lambe (q. she) ye may picke out of that,
As soone goth the yong lambskyn to the market,
As tholde yewes. God forbyd wyfe, ye shall first set.
I will not set yet (q. she) put no doutyng.
It is a bad sacke that will abide no cloutyng.

And as we oft see, the lothe stake standeth longe,
So is it an yll stake I haue herd amonge.
What can not stande one yere in a hedge.
I drynke (q. she) Quoth he I will not pledge.
What nede all this, a man may loue his house well,
Though he ryde not on the rydge, I haue herd tell.
What, I wene (q. she) proferd seruice stynkth.
But somwhat it is, I se, when the cat wynkth,
And bothe hir eyne out, but further strife to shonne,
Let the cat wynke, and leat the mouse ronne.
This past, and he chered all, but most chere
On this part, to this fayre yong wyfe dyd appere.
And as he to her cast oft a louyng eye,
So cast her husbande lyke eye, to his plate by.
Wherwith in a great musyng he was brought.
Frend (q. the good man) a peny for your thought.
For my thought (q. he) that is goodly dishe.
But of trough I thought, better to haue then wishe.
What, a goodly yong wyfe, as you haue (q. he)
May (q. he) goodly gylt goblets, as here be.
Yr ladye freends (q. I) this maketh a show,
To shewe you more vnnaturall than the crow,
The crow thingth hir own birdes fairest in the wood.
But by your woords (except I wrong vnderstood)
Ethe others bydes or iewels, ye doe weie
Aboue your owne. True (q. the old wyfe) ye seie.
But my neighbours desyre rightly to measure,
Comth of nede, and not of corrupte pleasure.
And my husbands more of pleasure, than of neede.
Olde fish & yong flesh (q. he) doth men best feede.

And

And some sey, chaunge of pasture makth fat calues.
As for that reason (q; she) ronth to halues.
As well for the coowe calfe as for the bull.
And though your pasture loke barreinly and dull,
Pet loke not on the meate, but loke on the man.
And who so loketh on you, shall shortly shan,
Pe maie wzite to your frendz, that ye are in helth.
But all thyng maie be suffered sauyng welth.
An olde saide sawe, itche and ease, can no man please.
Plentie is no deintie, ye see not your owne ease.
I see, ye can not see the wood for trees,
Pour lips hang in your light, but this poore man sees
Both how blindly ye stand in your owne light,
And that you rose on your right syde here right.
And might haue gon further, and haue faren wurs.
I wot well I might (q; he) for the purs,
But ye be a baby of Belsabubs bowze.
Content ye (q; she) take the swete with the sowze.
Fancy maie bult bzan, and make ye take it floure.
It will not be (q; he) chould I dye this houre,
Whyle this fayze flowze flourisheth thus in mine iye.
Pes, it might (q; she) and here this reason why.

Snow is white
And syeth in the dike } And euery man sets it sye.

Pepper ie blacke
And hath a good smacke } And euery man doth it bye.

Mylke (q; he) is white
And lieth not in the dike } But al mẽ know it good meate.

Inke is all blacke
And hath an ill smacke } No man will it drinke nor eate.

Thy ryme (q; he) is muche elder than myne,
But myne beyng newer is trewer than thine.
Thou likeneſt now, for a vayne aduauntage,
white ſnow to faire youth, blacke pepper to foul age,
whiche are placed out of place here by rood,
Blacke ynke is as yll meate, as blacke pepper is good.
And white mylke as good meat, as white ſnow is yll.
But a milk ſnow whit ſmoth yõg ſkin, who chãge wil.
For a pepper ynke blacke rough olde riueld face?
Though chaunge be no robbyr for the chaunged caſe,
Yet ſhall that chaunge rob the chaunger of his wit,
For who this caſe ſercheth, ſhall ſoone ſee in it,
That as wel agreeth thy compariſon in theſe,
As a like to compare in taſte, chalke and cheſe.
Or a like in colour to deme ynke and chalke.
whalke drab walke. May (q; ſhe) walke knaue walke
Saieth that terme. How be it ſir, I ſaie not ſo.
And beſt we laie a ſtraw here, and euen there who.
Or els this geare will brede a pad in the ſtrawe.
If ye hale this waie, I will an other waie drawe.
Here is God in thambrie (q; I). Quoth he, naie,
Here is the diuell in thorologe, ye maie ſaie.
Sens this (q; I) rather bringeth bale than boote,
wrap it in the clothe, and treade it vnder foote.
Ye harpe on the ſtryng, that giueth no melodie.
Your tongs ron before your wits, by ſeint Antonie.
Mark ye, how ſhe hitteth me on the thombe (q; he)
And ye taunt me tyt ouer thumb (q; ſhe)
Sens tyt for tat (q; I) on euen hand is ſet,
Set the hares head againſt the goſe ieblet.

She is (q; he) bent to fors you perfors
To know, that the grey mare is the better hors.
She chopth logyk, to put me to my clargie.
She hath one pointe of a good hauke, she is hardie.
But wife, the first point of haukyng is holde fast.
And holde ye fast, I red you, lest ye be cast.
In your own tourne. Naie she will tourne the leafe.
And rather (q; I) take as falth in the sheafe,
At your hands. and let fal her holde, than to be to bold.
Naie, I will spit in my hands, and take better hold.
He (q; she) that will be angry without cause,
Must be at one, without amends. by sage sawes.
Tread a worme on the taile, and it must turne again
He taketh pepper in the nose, that I complain
Upon his fautes, my self being fautlesse.
But that shall not stop my mouth, ye maie well gesse.
Well (q; I) to muche of one thing is not good.
Leaue of this. Be it (q; he) fall we to our food.
But suffrance is no quittance in this daiment.
No (quoth she) nor misrecknyng is no paiment.
But euen recknyng maketh long frends, my freend.
For alwaie owne is owne, at the recknyngs eend.
This recknyng thus reckned, and dyner ons doone,
We three from them twaine, departed very soone.

The v. chapiter.

THis olde woman the next daie after this night,
Stale home to me, secretly as she might.
To talke with me. in secrete counsell (she aide)
Of thinges which in no wise might be bewraied.

We twayne are one to many (q; I) for men saie,
Three maie kepe a counsell, if two be awaie.
But all that ye speake, vnmete againe to tell,
I will say nought but mum, and mum is counsell.
Well then (q; she herein auoyding all feares,
Auoyd your children. smal pitchers haue wyde eares
Whiche done (she saide) I haue a husband, ye know
Whom I made of nought, as the thyng self doth show
And for these two causes onely him I tooke.
First, that for my loue, should louingly looke,
In all kyndes of cause, that loue ingender might,
To loue and cherishe me by daie and by night.
Secondly, the substance, whiche I to him brought,
He rather should augment, than bryng to nought,
But now my good, shall both be spent, ye shall see,
And it in spendyng soole instrument shall bee
Of my destruction, by spendyng it on suche
As shall make him destroy me: I feare this muche.
He maketh hauok. and setteth cocke on the hoope.
He is so laueis, the stocke beginneth to droope.
And as for gayne is deade, and layde in tumbe
When he should get ought, eche synger is a thumbe,
Eche of his iointes agaynst other iustles,
As handsomly as a beare picketh muscles.
Flattring knaues & flering quenes beyng the marke
Hang on his sleue, many hands make light warke.
He hath his haukes in the mew. but make ye sure,
With empty hands men maie no haukes allure.
There is a nest of chikens, whiche he doth brood,
That will sure make his here grow through his hood.

They

They can currifauell, and make fayre wether,
Whyle they cut large thongs of other mens lether.
He maketh his marts with marchants likely,
To bryng a shillyng to. iv. pens quickely.
If he holde on a while, as he begins,
We shall se hym preue a marchaunt of eele skyns.
A marchaunt without either money or ware.
But all be bugs words, that I speake to spare.
Better spare at brym than at bottom, say I.
Euer spare and euer bare, saith he, by and by.
Spend, & god shall send (saieth he) saith tholde balet,
What sendth he (saie I) a stake and a wallet.
Than vp gothe his stake, to send me a louse.
He is at three woords vp in the house rouse.
And herein to grow (q. she) to conclusion,
I praie your ayde, to auoyd this confusion.
And for counsaile herein, I thought to haue gon,
To that cunnyng man, our curate sir John.
But this kept me backe, I haue herd now and then,
The greatest clerks be not the wysest men.
I thynk (q. I) who euer that terme began,
Was neither great clerke, nor the greatest wise man.
In your rennyng from hym to me. ye roon
Out of gods blessyng into the warme soon.
Where the blynd leadth the blynd, both fal in the dike
And blynde we be both, if we thynke vs his like.
Folke show much folye, when thyngs should be sped.
To ren to the foote, that maie go to the hed.
Sens he best can, and most ought to doo it,
I feare not, but he will, if he wyll woo it.

There

There is one let (q; she) mo than I spak on,
My husband and he be so great, that the ton
Can not pisse, but the tother must let a fart.
Choose we him aparty, than farwell my part.
We shall so part stake, that I shall lese the hole.
Folke say of olde, the shoe will holde with the sole.
Shall I trust him then: nay in trust is treasan.
But I trust you, and come to you this season
To here me, and tell me, what waie ye thinke best,
To hem in my husbande, and set me in rest.
If ye mynde (q; I) a conquest to make
Ouer your husband, no man maie vndertake
To bring you to ease, nor the matter amende.
Except ye bring him to weare a cocks comb at ende,
For take that your husband were, as ye take him,
As I take him not, as your tale would make him,
Yet were contencion lyke to do nought in this,
But kepe him nought, and make him wors than he is,
But in his complaint, for counsell quicke and clere,
A few prouerbs for principuls, leat vs here.
Who that may not as they would, will as they maie.
And this to this, they that are bound must obaie:
Foly it is to spourne against a prycke,
To striue against the streme, to winche or kicke
Against the hard wall. By this ye maie see.
Beyng bound to obedience, as ye bee.
And also ouermatchet, sufraunce is your daunce.
Ye may ouermatche me (q; she) perchaunce
In strength of bodie, but my tung is a lym,
To matche and to bere euery payne of hym.

Toung

Toung breaketh bone, it selfe hauyng none (q, I)
If the wynde stand in that doore, it standth awry.
The perill of pratyng out of tune by note,
Telth vs, that a good be styll is worth a grote.
In beyng your own foe, you spin a fayre threede.
Aduise ye well, for here doth all lie and bleede,
Flee thattemptyng of extremitees all.
Folke saie, better syt styll than ryse and fall.
For little more or lesse no debate make,
At euery dogs barke, seeme not to awake.
And where the small with the great, can not agree,
The weaker goeth to the potte, we all daie see.
So that alwaie the bygger eateth the beane.
Ye can nought wyn, by any wayward meane.
Where the hedge is lowest, men maie soonest ouer,
Be silent. Leat not your tong roon at rouer.
Sens by stryfe. ye maie lose, and can not wyn,
Suffer. It is good slepyng in a whole skyn.
If he chyde, kepe you bill vnder wynge muet.
Chattyng to chidyng is not woorth a chuet.
We see many tymes, might ouercomth right.
Were not you as good thā to say, the crow is whight.
And so rather let fayre woordes make fooles fayn,
Than be plain without plites, & plant your own payn.
For were ye as plaine as dunstable hye waie.
Yet should ye that waie rather breake a loue daie,
Than make one thus though ye perfitly knew,
All that ye coniecture to be proued trew,
Yet better dissemble it, and shake it of,
Than to broyd him with it in earnest or scof.

If he plaie falsehed in felowshyp, plaie ye,
Se me, and se me not. the worst part to flie.
Why thinke ye me so white lyuerd (q; she.)
That I wyll be tong tied? Naie I warrant ye.
They that wyll be afrayd of euery farte,
Must go far to pisse. Well (q; I) your perte
Is to suffre (I saie) For ye shall prœue.
Taunts appease not things, they rather agreeue,
But for yll company, or expense extreeme,
I here no man dobte, so far as ye deeme.
And there is no fyre without some smoke, we see.
Well well, make no fyre, reyse no smoke (sayd shee)
What cloke for the rayne so euer ye bryng me,
My selfe can tell best, where my shoe doth wryng me.
But as ye saie, where fyre is, smoke will appere.
And so hath it doone. For I did lately here,
How flek and his make, vse their secrete hauntyng,
By one byrd, that in mine eare was late chauntyng.
One swalowe maketh not sommer (said I) men saie.
I haue (q; she) mo bloks in his waie to laie.
For further encrease of suspicion of yls,
Beside his settyng into the towne, to his gyls,
With caletts he consumeth him self and my goods,
Sometyme in the feelds, sometyme in the woods.
Some here and se him, whom he hereth nor seeth not.
But feelds haue eies, and woods haue eares. ye wot.
And also on my maydes he is euer tootyng.
Can ye iudge a man (q; I) by his lookyng?
What, a cat maie looke on a king, ye know.
My cats lesryng looke (q; she) at first shew,

Shew

Shewth me, that my cat gothe a catterwawyng.
And specially to his maner of drawyng,
To Madge my faire maide. for may he come ny her.
He must nedes balle her, as he comth by her.
He loueth well sheeps flesh, ỳ wets his bred in the wul
If he leaue it not, we haue a crow to pul.
He loueth hir better at the sole of the foote,
Than euer he loued me at the hert roote.
It is a foule byrd, that fyleth his owne nest.
I wold haue him liue as gods lawe hath ordeyned.
And leaue leude tickyng. he that will none yll do.
Must do nothyng, that belongeth therto.
To ticke and laugh with me, he hath lawfull leeue.
To that I saide nought, but laught in my sleeue.
But whan she seemed to be fixed in minde,
Rather to seeke for that she was lothe to fynde,
Than leaue that seekyng, by which she might fynd ease
I fainde this fancy to feele how it wold please.
Will ye do well (q; I) take peyne to watche him.
And if ye chaunce in aduoutrie to catche him,
Then haue ye him on the hyp, or on the hyrdell.
Then haue ye his head fast vnder your gyrdell.
Where your wurds now do but rub him on the gall.
That dede without words shall driue him to the wall.
And further than the wall, he can not go.
But must submit him selfe, and if it hap so,
That at ende of your watche, be giltles appere,
Than al grudge, growne by iealousy, taketh end clere.
Of al folks I maie worst watche him (said she)
For of all folks him selfe most watcheth me.

I shall as soone trie him or take him this waie,
As dryue a top ouer a tyeld house, no naie.
I maie kepe corners or holowe trees with thowle,
This seuen yeres, daie and night to watche a bowle,
Before I shall catche him with vndoubted euill.
Ye must haue a long spoone, shall eate with the deuill.
And the deuill is no falser then is he.
I haue oft herd tell, it had nede to be.
A wyly mans that should breed in the cats eare.
Shall I get within him than? nay ware that geare.
It is harde haltyng before a cripple, ye wot.
A falser water drinker there liueth not.
When he hunteth a doe, that he can not auow,
All dogs barke not at him, I warrant yow.
Namely not I, I saie, though as I sayde,
Ye somtyme, though seldome, by some be bewrayde.
Close hunting (q. I) the good hunter alowth.
But be your husband neuer so still of mouth,
If ye can hunt, and will stande at receite.
Your mayde eraminde, maketh him open streite.
That were (q. she) as of my truthe to make preefe,
To are my felow, whether I bee a theefe.
They cleane together like burs. that waie I shall
Bike out no more, than out of the stone wall.
Than lyke ye not to watche him for wife nor mayde?
No (q. she) Nor I (q. I) what euer I sayde.
And I mislyke not onely your watche in vayne.
But also if ye tooke him. What coulde ye gayne?
From suspicion to knowlage of yll. for sothe
Coulde make ye doue, but as the flounder dothe,

Leaps

Leape out of the fryng pan in to the fyre.
And chaunge from yl peyn to wurs is worth smal hyre
Let tyme trie. Tyme trieth trouth in euery dout.
And deme the best, till tyme hath tried the troth out.
And reason saieth, make not two sorowes of one.
But ye make ten sorowes whare reasō maketh none.
For where reason (as I saide) wylth you to wynke,
(Although all were proued as yll as ye thynke)
Contrary to reason ye stampe and ye stare.
Ye frette and ye fume as mad as a marche hare.
Without prose to hie reprose present or passe.
But by suche reporte, as moste proue lies at lasse.
And here gothe the hare awaie, for ye iudge all,
And iudge the worst in all, er prose in ought fall.
But blynd men shuld iudge no colours. by old sawes,
And folk oft tymes ar most blind in their owne cause,
The blinde eats many flies. Notwithstanding,
Of your blindnesse comth not of ignorancy,
Ye coulde tell an other herein the best way.
But it is as folke dooe, and not as folke saie.
For they say, saying and dooyng are two thyngs,
To defende daunger that double dealing bryngs.
As ye can seeme wyse in woords, be wise in dede.
That is (q the)sooner saide than done, I drede.
But me thinkth your councell weith in the whole,
To make me put my finger in a hole.
And so by sufferaance to be so lyther,
In my house to ley fyre and tow togyther.
But if they fyre me, some of them shall wyn
More towe on their distaues, than they can wel spyn.

And the best of them shall haue both their hands full.
Bolster or pillow for me, be whose will.
I will not beare the diuels sacke, by saint Audry.
For concelyng suspicion of their baudry.
I feare fals measures, or els I were a chylde.
For they that thinke none ill, are soonest begylde.
And thus though muche water go by the mill,
That the miller knowth not of, yet I will
Cast what may scape. and as though I did synd it.
With the slacke of my mill, to fine meale grind it.
And sure er I take any rest in effect,
I must banishe my maides suche as I suspect.
Better it be doue than wishe it had bene doone.
As good vndone (q; I) as do it to soone.
Well (q; she) till soone, fare ye well, and this
Kepe now as secrete, as ye thinke mete is.
Out at doors went she herewith. and hereupon
In at doors came he forthwith as she was gon.
And without any temprate protestacion,
Thus he began, in waie of exclamacion.

The vi. chapiter.

O to what choyce may compare, to ỹ diuels lyfe,
Lyke his, that hath chosen a deule to his wife:
Namely suche an olde witche, suche a mackabroyne,
As euermore like a hog hangeth the groyne,
On hir husbande. except he be her slaue,
And folowe all fancies, that she would haue.
This prouerbe proueth, there is no good accorde,
where euery man would be a Lorde.

where

Wherfore my wife will be no lorde, but lady.
To make me, that should be her Lorde, a baby.
Before I was wedded, and sens, I made reckning,
To make my wife boow at euery beckning.
Bachelers bost, how they wil teche their wiues go od
But many a man speaketh of Robyn hood,
That neuer shotte in his bowe. When all is sought,
Bachelers wiues, and maides childzen be well tought.
And this with this, I also begin to gather,
Euery man can rule a shrewe, saue he that hath her.
At my wil I wend she should haue wrought, like war.
But I finde and feele, she hath found suche knar
In her bouget, and suche toies in her hed.
That to daunce after her pipe, I am my led.
It is saide of olde, an olde dog byteth sore.
But by God, tholde bitche biteth sorer and more.
And not with teeth (she hath none) but with her tong.
If all tales be true (q. I) though she be strong,
And therby lyng you, she is not muche to blame,
For what euer you saie, thus goeth the fame,
When folke first saw your substance laid in your lap,
Without your pein, w̄ your wife brought by good hap,
Oft in remembrance of haps happy deuise,
They would saie, better to be happie than wise.
Not mindyng therby than, to depraue your wit,
For they had good hope, to see good profe of it.
But sens their good opinion therin so cooles,
That they saie as ofte, God sendeth fortune to fooles.
In that as fortune without your wyt gaue it,
So can your wit not kepe it when ye haue it.

Saieth one, this geare was gotten on a holy daie.
Saieth an other, who may holde that will awaie.
This game fro beginnyng, shewth what end is ment.
Soone gotten soone spent, yll gotten yll spent.
Ye are calde not onely to great a spender,
To franke a geuer, and as free a lender,
But also ye spende geue and lende, among suche,
Whose lightnesse mintcheth your honestee as muche,
As your money, and muche they disalow,
That ye bribe all from her, that brought all to yow.
And spende it out at doors, in spite of her,
Because ye wolde kyll her, to be quite of her.
For all kindnesse, of her parte, that maie rise,
Ye shewe all thunkindnesse ye can deuise.
And where reason and custome (they saie) aboords,
Alwaie to let the loosers haue their woords,
Ye make her a cookqueyne, and consume hir good.
And she must sit like a beane in a monks hood.
Bearyng no more rule, than a goose turd in tems,
But at hir owne maides becks, wyngs, or hems,
She must obey those lambs, or els a lambs skin,
Ye will prouide for her, to lap her in.
This biteth the mare by the thumbe, as they sey.
For were ye, touching condicion (say they)
The cattell of honestee in all things els.
Yet should this one thing, as their hole tale tels,
Defoyle and deface that cattell to a cotage.
One crop of a tourd marrth a pot of potage,
And some to this, crie, let him pas, for we thynke,
The more we kur a tourde, the wurs it will synke.

With

With many condicions good, one that is ill,
Defaceth the floure of all, and doth all spill.
Nowe (q; I) if you thinke they truely clatter,
Let your amendment amende the matter.
Half warnd half armd. this warning for this I show,
He that hath an yll name, is halfe hangd, ye know.

¶ The. vii. chapiter.

Well saide (saide he) mary sir here is a tale,
For honestie, meete to set the diuell on sale.
But nowe am I forst, a head roule to vnfolde,
To tell somwhat more to the tale I erst tolde.
Grow this. as most part doth, I durst hold my lyfe,
Of the iealousy of dame Iulok my wyfe,
Than shall ye wonder, whan truth doth define,
Howe she can, and doth here, both bite and whine.
Franly, herely, and iealously are thee,
That men say hardly or neuer cured be.
And although iealousy nede not or boote not,
What helpeth that counsaile, if reason roote not.
And in madde iealousy she is so farre gon,
She thinkth I roon ouer all, that I looke on.
Take good hede of that (q; I) for at a worde,
The proverbe saieth, he that striketh with the sworde,
Shalbe striken with the scabarde. Tushe (q; he)
The diule with my scaberde will not strike me.
But my dame taking suspicion for full preefe,
Reporteth it for trouth, to the moste mischeefe.
In words gold and hole, as men by wyt could wishe.
She will lie as fast as a dogge will licke a dishe.

Shye is of trouth as fals, as God is trew,
And if she chaunce to see me at a vew
Kylle any of my maides alone, but in sporte,
That taketh she in ernest. after Bedleem sorte.
The cow is wood. Her tong ronth on patens.
If it be morne, we haue a payre of matens.
If it be euen, euensong. not Laten nor Greeke,
But Englishe, and lyke thutas in easter weeke.
She beginneth, first with a cry a leyslone.
To whiche she ringth a peale, a larom. suche one,
As folk ring bees w̄ basons. ẏ world ronth on wheles.
But except her maide shewe a fayre payre of heles,
She haleth her by the boy rope, tyll her brayns ake.
And bryng I home a good dishe, good chere to make,
what is this (sayth she) Good meate (say I) for yow,
God a mercy hors, a pyg of mine owne sowe.
Thus whan I se, by kyndnesse ease renewth not,
And than, that the eie seeth not, the hert rewth not,
And that he must nedes go, whom the diule doth driue
Her fors forsyng me, for mine ease to contriue,
To let her fast and freate alone for me,
I go where mery chat, and good chere may be.
Muche spend I abrode, which at home shuld be spent,
If she would leaue controllyng, and be content.
There lepte a whityng (q̄ she) and lept in streite.
Take a heare from his berde, and marke this conceit.
He maketh you beleue, by lyes layde on by lode,
My braulyng at home, makyth him basket a'rode.
where his bankers abrode. make me braule at home.
For as in a frost, a mud wall made of lome

Cracketh

Cracketh and crummeth in peeces a sonder,
So melteth his money, to the worldes wonder.
Thus maie ye see, to tourne the cat in the pan,
Or set the cart before the hors, well he can.
He is but little at home, the trewth is so.
And forth with hym, he will not let me go.
And if I come to be mery where he is,
Than is he mad. as ye shall here by this.
Where he with gossyps at a banket late was,
At whiche as vse is, he payde all. but let pas.
I came to be mery. wherwith merily,
Worface. Haue among you blynde harpers(said I.)
The mo the merier, we all daie here and se.
Ye, but the fewer the better fare(saied he)
Then here were, er I came (q; I) to many.
Here is a little meate lefte, if there be any.
And it is yll commyng, I haue hard say,
To thend of a shot,and begynnyng of a fray.
But vp thy purs (q; he) thou shalt none pay.
And fray here should be none, were thou gon thy way.
Here is, syns thou camst, to many feet a bed.
Welcom when thou goest. thus is thine errand sped.
I come(q; I) to be one here, yf I shall,
It is mery in halle, whan herds wag all.
What, bid me welcom pyg. I pray the kys me.
Nay farewell low (q; he) our Lord blys me
From ballyng of beasts of Beare bynder lane,
I haue(q; I)for fyne suger,faire rats bane.
Many yeres sens, my mother saied to me,
Her elders would saie, it is better to be

An olde mans derlyng, then a yong mans werlyng.
And God knowth. I knew none of this snerlyng.
In my olde husbandz daies. for as tenderly,
He loued me, as ye loue me slenderly,
We drew both in one line. Quoth he wold to our lord
Ye had in that drawyng, hangd both in one cord.
For I neuer meete the at flesshe nor at fysshe,
But I haue sure a deade mans head in my dysshe.
Whose best and my worst date, that wisht might be.
Was when thou didst bury him and mary me.
If you (q; I) long for chaunge in those cases,
Wold to god he and you, had chaunged places.
But best I chaunge place. for here I may be sparde.
And for my kynde comyng, this is my rewarde.
Claw a churle by thars, and he shiteth in my hand.
Knak me that nut. much god doyet you all this band.
Must she not (q; he) be welcome to vs all,
Among vs all, lettyng suche a farewell fall?
But such carpenters, such chips. Quoth she, folke tell,
Such lips, suche lettice. such welcum, suche farwell.
Thine own wordz (q; he) thine owne welcome ward
Well (saide she) whan so euer we twayn haue iard,
My wordz be pried at narowly, I espie.
Ye can see a mote in an other mans eye,
But ye can not se a balke in your owne.
Ye marke my wordz, but not that they be growne,
By reuellous riding on euery royle.
Well ny euery day a new mare or a moyle.
As muche vnhoneft, as vnprofitable.
Whiche shall bryng vs shortly to be vnable,

To

To geue a dog a lose. as I haue ofte sayde.
Howe be it your pleasure maie no time be denayde
But still you must haue, both the finest meate,
Apparall, and all thyng that money maie geate,
Lyke one of fond fancy so fyne and so neate,
That wold haue better bread than is made of wheate.
The best is best cheape (q; he) men saie clere.
Well (q; she) a man may by gold to dere,
Pe nother care, nor weiny caste what ye paie,
To bie the derest for the best alwaie.
Than for your diet who bleth feeding such,
Eats more than enough, & drink much more to much.
But temprance teacheth this. where he kepeth scoole,
He that knoweth whan he hath enough, is no foole.
Fede by measure, and defie the phisicion.
And in the contrary, marke the condicion,
A swyne ouer fatte is cause of hir owne bane.
Who seeth nought herein, his wit is in the wane.
But pompous prouision, comth not all, alway
Of gluttony, but of pride somtyme, some say.
But this prouerbe preacheth to men haute or hye,
Hewe not to hie, lest the chips fall in thine eye.
Measure is a mery meane, as this doth show.
Not to hy for the pie, nor to lowe for the crow.
The difference betwene starying and starke blynde.
The wise man at all times to folowe can fynde.
And ywis an auditour of a meane wit,
Maie soone accompt, though hereafter come not yit,
Yet is he sure be the daie neuer so long,
Euermore at laste they ryng to euensong.

And

And where ye spend much, though ye spent but lickel,
Yet littell and littell the cat eateth the flickell.
Littell losse by length maie growe importable.
A mouse in tyme, maie byte a two, a gable.
Thus to ende of all thyngs, be we leefe or lothe,
Yet lo, the pot so long to the water gothe,
Tyll at the lasse it comthe home broken.
Fewe woords to the wyse suffise to be spoken.
If ye were wise, here were enough (q. she)
Here is enough, and to muche, dame (q. he)
For though this appere a proper pulpet peese,
Yet whan the fore preacheth, than beware our geese.
A good tale yll tolde, in the tellyng is marde.
So are (q. she) good tales well tolde, and yll harde.
Thy tales (q. he) shew long heare, and short wit, wife.
But longe be thy legs, and short be thy life.
Praie for your selfe, I am not sicke (q. she)
Well lets see. what thy last tale comth to (q. he)
Thou saiest I spend all, to this, thy woords wander.
But as deepe drynketh the goose, as the gander.
Thou canst cough in the aumbry, if nede be,
Whan I shall cough without breade or broth for the.
Wherby while thou sendst me abrode to spende,
Thou gossepst at home, to mete me at lands ende.
Ah, than I begyle you (q. she) this ye meane.
But syr, my pot is whole, and my water cleane.
Well, thou wouldst haue me (q. he) pinch like a snudge.
Euery day to be thy dryuell and drudge.
Not so (q. she) but I would haue ye stur
Honestlie, to kepe the wulfe from the dur.

I wold dryue the wulfe out at dooze fyrſt (q he)
And that can I not do, tyll I dryue out the.
A man were better be drowndе in Menyte gulfe.
Than haue ſuche a bearded beare, or ſuche a wulfe.
But had I not bene witcht, my weddyng to flee,
The termes that long to weddyng had warnde me.
Firſt wooyng for woyng, banna for bannyng.
The banes for my bane, and than this thus crannyng,
Mariyng, marryng. And what maried I than?
A woman. As who ſaieth, wo to the man.
Thus wed I with wo, wed I Gyll, wed I Jane.
I pray God the deule go with the, downe the lane.
I graunt (q ſhe) this doth ſound (as ye agreed)
On your ſide in woords, but on my ſyde in deed.
Thou grantſt this grant (q he) without any grace,
Ungratiouſely, to thy ſyde, to tourne this caſe.
Leaue this (q ſhe) and learne liberalitee,
To ſtynt ſtryfe, growne by your prodigalitee.
Oft ſaide the wiſe man, whom I erſt did bery,
Better are meales many, than one to mery.
Well (q he) that is anſwered with this wiſe.
Better is one months there, than a churles hole lyfe.
I thinke it learnyng of a wiſer lectour,
To learne to make my ſelfe myne own exectour,
Than ſpare for an other, that might wed the,
As the foole, they firſt huſband, ſpared for me,
And as for yll places, thou ſekeſt me in mo,
And in worſe to, than I into any go.
Wherby this prouerbe ſhewth the in by the weke.
No man will an other in the ouen ſeeke,

Except that him ſelfe haue been there before,
God geue grace thou haſt been good, I ſaie no more.
And wold haue the ſay leſſe. except thou couldſt proue
Suche proceſſe as thou ſlanderouſly doeſt moue.
For ſclaunder perchaunce (q; ſhe) I not denie,
It maie be a ſclaunder, but it is no lie.
It is a lie (q; he) and thou a lyer.
Will ye (q; ſhe) driue me to touche ye nyer?
I rub the gald hors backe till he winche, and yit
He would make it ſeeme, that I touche him no whit.
But I wot what I wot, though I few words make,
Many kiſſe the chylde for the nurſes ſake.
Ye haue many god childzen to loke vpon,
And ye bleſſe theim all, but ye baſſe but one.
This half ſhewth, what the hole meaneth, ẏ I meene,
Ye fet circumquaques to make me beleue
Or thynke, that the moone is made of a greene cheſe.
And whan ye haue made me a loute in all theſe,
It ſemeth ye wolde make me go to bed at noone.
Naie (q; he) the daie of dome ſhall be doone,
Er thou go to bed at noone or night for me.
Thou art, to be plaine, and not to flatter the,
As holſome a morſell for my comely cors,
As a ſhoulder of mutton for a ſicke hors.
The diuell with his dam, hath more reſt in hell,
Than I haue here with the. but well wyſe well,
Well well (q; ſhe) many wels, many buckets.
Ye (q; he) and many woords, many buffets,
Had you ſome huſbande, and ſnapte at him thus,
Iwys he would geue you a recumbentibus.

A dog will barke er he bite, and so thow,
After thy barking wilt bite me, I trowe now.
But it is harde to make an olde dog stoupe, lo.
Sir (q; she) a man maie handle his dog so,
That he may make him bite him, though he wold not,
Husbands are in heauen (q; he) whose wiues scold not
Thou makest me claw where it itcheth not. I wold
Thy toung were coolde to make thy tales moze cold,
That aspine leafe, suche spitefull clapping hath bzed.
That my cap is better at ease than my hed.
God sende that hed (saide she) a better nurs.
Foz whan the hed aketh, all the body is the wurs.
God graunt (q; I) the hed and bodie both too.
To nourse eche other, better than they doo.
Dz euer haue doone foz the moste times passe.
I bzought to nurs both (q; she) had not been wasse.
Margery good cowe (q; he) gaue a good meele,
But than she casse it downe again with her heele.
Howe can her purs foz pzofite be delitefull:
Whose persone and pzopertees be thus spitefull.
A peece of a kyd is woozth two of a cat.
Who the diuell will chaunge a rabet foz a rat:
If I might chaunge, I wolde rather chuse to begge.
Dz sit with a rosted appull, oz an egge,
Where mine appetite serueth me to be,
Then euery daie to fare lyke a duke with the.
Lyke a duke, lyke a duck (q; she) thou shalt fare,
Except thou wilt spare, moze than thou dost yet spare
Thou farest to well (q; he) but thou art so wood,
Thou knowst not who doth ỳ harm whodoth the good

Yes

Yes yes (q̃ she) for all those wyse wordꝫ vttred,
I knowe on whiche syde my bread is buttred,
But there will no butter cleaue on my breade.
And on my breade any butter to be spreade.
Euery promise that thou therin doest vtter,
Is as sure as it were sealed with butter.
Or a mouse tyed with a threede. Euery good thyng,
Thou lettest euen slyp, lyke a wag halter slypstryng.
But take vp in time, or els I protest,
All be not a bedde, that shall haue ill rest.
Nowe go to thy derlingꝫ, and declare thy greefe.
Where all thy pleasure is. hop hore, pipe theefe.

The viii. chapiter.

VUith this thēs hopt she, wherwith o lord he cride
What wretch but I, this wretchednes coud bide
Howe be it in all this wo, I haue no wroug
For it onely is all on my selfe along.
Where I shuld haue brydled her first with rough bit,
To haue made her chowe on the brydel one fit,
For likorous lucre of a little winnyng,
I gaue her the brydell at beginnyng.
And now she taketh the brydell in the teeth,
And runth away with it, wherby eche man seeth,
It is (as olde men right well vnderstande)
Ill puttyng a naakt sworde in a mad mans hande.
She takth such hert of gras, that though I maim her,
Or kyll her, yet shall I nener reclaime her.
She hath (they say) bene styffe necked euermore.
And it is yll healyng of an olde sore.

This prouerbe prophecied many yeres agone.
It will not out of the flesshe, thats bred in the bone.
What chaunce haue I, to haue a wife of suche sort,
That will no saute amend, in earnest nor sport?
A small thinge amisse late I did espy,
Whiche to make hir mende, by a iesse merily,
I saide but this, taunt tyuet wife, your nose drops.
So it mate fall, I will eate no browesse sops
This date. But two dates after this came in bre,
I had sorow to my sops ynough be sure.
Well (q; I) it is yll iestyng on the soothe.
Soth bourd is no bourd, in ought that myrth dooth.
Such iestes could not iuggle hir, were ought amis.
Nor turne melancoly to myrth. for it is
No playyng with a straw before and olde cat,
Euery trifling fole age can not laugh at.
Ye mate walke this way, but sure ye shall fynde,
The further ye go, the further behynde.
Ye should consider, the woman is olde.
And what for a whot wooyde. Some whot, some colde.
Beare with them, that beare with you. & she is scant
Not onely the fairest floure in your garland,
But also she is all the fayre floures therof,
Will ye requite her than with a tauntyng scof?
Or with any other kynd of vnkyndnesse?
Take hede is a fayre thing. Beware this blyndnesse.
Why will ye (q; he) I shall folow hir will?
To make me John drawlathe, or such a snelle bill.
To bryng hir solace, that bryngeth me sorow.
Byr lady, than we shall catche byrds to morow.

A good wife makth a good husbande, (they sais)
That (q I) ye maie tourne an other waie.
To make a good husband, make a good wyfe.
I can no more herein, but god stint all stryfe.
Amen (q he) and god haue mercy brother,
I will now mend this house, and paire an other.
And that he ment of lykelyhod by his owne.
For so apaired he that, er three yeeres were growne.
That little and little he decaied so long,
Tyll he at length came to buckle and bare thong.
To discharge charge, that necessarily grewe,
There was no more water than the shyp drewe.
Suche drifftes drawe he, from yll to wars and wars,
Tyll he was as bare as a birds ars.
Money, and money worth, did so myffe him,
That he had not nowe one peny to blysse him.
Whiche forsene in this woman wisely waiyng,
That meete was to staie somwhat for his staiyng,
To kepe yet one messe for Alyson in store,
She kept one bag, that he had not sene before.
A poore cooke that meie not licke his owne fyngers.
But about hir at home now still he lingers,
Not checker a boord, all was not clere in the colle,
He lookt lyke one that had beshyt the colle.
But whether any secrete tales were sprynklyng,
Or that he by gesse had got an ynklyng
Of hir hoord. or that he thought to amend,
And tourne his yll beginnyng to a good ende.
In shewyng him selfe a newe man, as was seek,
That appered shortly after, but not yeet.

The

The ix. chapiter.

ONe day in their arbour, which stode so to mine
That I might, and did closeli myn eare incline
And likewise cast mine eye to here and see,
What they saide and did, where they could not se me.
Ye vnto hir a goodly tale began,
More like a wooer, than a wedded man,
As ferre as matter therof therin serued,
But the first part from wordes of wooyng swerued.
And stod vpon repentance, with submission,
Of his former croked vnkynde condition.
Prayeng hir, to forgeue and forget all free,
And he forgaue hir, as he forgeuen wold bee.
Louyng hir now, as he full depely swore,
As whotly as euer he loued hir before.
Well well (quod she) what euer ye now saie,
It is to late to call agayn yesterdaie.
Wyse (quod he) suche mate my diligence seeme,
That thoffence of yesterdaie I mate redeeme.
God taketh me as I am, and not as I was.
Take you me so to, and let all thynges past pas.
I praie the good wife, think I spoke & think playne.
What, he ronth far, that neuer turnth agayne.
Ye be yong ynough to mende, I agree it.
But I am (quod she) to olde to see it.
And amende ye or not, I am to old a yere.
What is lyfe: where lyuyng is extinct cleere.
Namely at olde yeres of leaste helpe and most neede.
But no tale coulde take you, in tyme to take heede.

If I tune my selfe now (q; he) it is sayre.
And hope of true tune, shall tune me from dispayre.
Beleue well, and haue well. men sate. ye, sayde shee,
Doo well, and haue well, men sate also, we see.
But what man can beleue, that man can dooe well,
Who of no man will counsell take or here tell.
Whiche to you, whan any man any way tryde,
Than were ye deafe, ye coulde not here on that syde.
Who euer with you any tyme therin weares,
He must both tell you a tale: and fynde you eares.
You had on your harueft eares, thicke of hearyng.
But this is a queftion of olde enqueryng,
Who is fo deafe, or fo blynde, as is hee,
That wilfully will nother here nor fee?
Whan ye faw your maner, my herte for wo, molte.
Than would ye mend, as the fletcher mends his bolte.
Or as fowre ale mendth in fommer, I know,
And knew, which waie the wind blewe, and will blow.
Though not to my profite, a prophete was I.
I prophecied this, to true a prophecy.
Whan I was right ill beleued, and worfe hard.
By flingyng from your folke at home, which al mard.
Whan I faide in femblaunce either cold or warme,
A man far from his good, is nie his harme.
Or wylde ye to looke, that ye lofte no more.
On fuche as fhewe, that hungry flies bite fore.
Than wold ye looke ouer me, with ftomacke fwolne,
Like as the diuell lookt ouer Lincolne.
The diuell is dead wife (q; he) for ye fee,
I looke like a lambe in all your woords to mee.

Looke

Looke as ye liſt now (q; ſhe) thus lookt ye than.
And fo; thoſe lookes I ſhewe this, to ſhew eche man,
Suche p;ofe of this p;ouerbe, as none is gretter.
Whichſaith, that ſome man maie ſteale a ho;ſe better,
Than ſome other may ſtande and looke vpone.
Leude huſwiues might haue wo;ds, but I not one
That might be alowde. But now if ye looke,
In miſtakyng me, ye maie ſee, ye tooke
The wo;ng waie to wood, & the wrong ſow by theare,
And therby in the wrong bore to th;iue ye weare,
I haue herd ſome, to ſome tell this tale not ſeelde.
When th;ift is in the towne, ye be in the feelde.
But contrary, you made that ſence to ſowne,
When th;ift was in the feelde, ye were in the towne.
Feelde ware might ſynke o; ſwim, while ye had eny.
Towne ware was your ware, to tourne the peny.
But towne o; feelde, where moſt th;ift did appere,
What ye wan in the hund;ed ye loſt in the ſhere.
In all your good huſbandry, thus ryd the rocke,
Ye ſtumbled at a ſtrawe, and lept ouer a blocke.
So many kyndes of increaſe you had in choyce,
And nought increaſe no; kepe, how can I reioyce?
Good ridyng at two ankers men haue tolde,
Fo; if the tone faile, the tother maie holde.
But you leaue all anker holde, on ſeas o; lands,
And ſo ſet vp ſhop, vpon Goodwins ſands.
But as folke haue a ſaiyng bothe olde and trew,
In that they ſay blacke will take none other hew.
So maie I ſaie here, to my deepe dolour,
It is a bad clothe that will take no colour.

This case is yours. For ye were neuer so wise,
To take speche of colour, of good aduise.
That aduise of all frends I say, one an other
went in at the tone eare, and out at the tother.
And as those words went out, this prouerbe in came.
He that will not be ruled by his owne dame,
Shall be ruled by his stepdame, and so yow.
Hauyng lost your owne good, and owne frends now,
Make seke your forein frends if you haue any.
And sure one of my great greses, among many,
Is that ye haue bene so verase a hog,
To my frends. What man, loue me, loue my dog.
But you to cast precious stones before hogs,
Cast my good before a sort of cur dogs.
And salvte bitches. Whiche by whom now deuoured.
And your honestie amonge them destroured,
And that you make no more expence a foorde,
Nowe can they not afoorde you one good woorde,
And you them as fewe. And olde folke vnderstood,
when theues fall out, true men come to their good.
Whiche is not alwaie true. For in all that bretche,
I can no kerthing of my good the more fetche.
For I trow them selues neither, if they were sworne,
Light come lyght go. And sure sens we were borne,
Ruine of one ruine, was there none gretter.
For by your giftes, they be as littell the better.
As you be muche the worse. and cast awaie.
An vll wynde that blowth no man to good, men saie.
Well (q, he) euery wind blowth not down the corn.
I hope (I saie) good happe be not all out worn.

I will

I will nowe begin thrift, whan thrift semeth gone.
What wife there be mo waies to the wood than one,
And I will assaie all the waies to the wood,
Tyll I finde ons waie, to get againe this good.
Ye will get it againe (q^ she) I feare,
As shortly as a horse will licke his eare.
The Durheman saieth, that segging is good cope.
Good woords bring not euer of good dedes good hope
And these woords shew your words spoken in skorne.
It pricketh betimes that will be a good thorne.
Timely crooketh the tree, that will a good camok bee.
And such beginning such end. we all daie see.
And you by me at beginnyng beyng thriuen,
And than to keepe thrift could not be prikt nor driuen.
How can ye now get thrift, the stocke beyng gon?
Which is thonely thing to reise thrift vpon.
Men saie, he maie ill renne, that can not go,
And your gayne, without your stocke, renneth euen so.
For what is a woorkman, without his tooles?
Tales of Robyn hood are good among fooles.
He can yll pype, that lackth his ouer lip.
Who lackth a stocke, his geyne is not worth a chyp,
A tale of a tub, your tale no truth auouth,
Ye speake now, as ye would crepe into my mouth,
In pure peinted processe, as false as faire.
How ye will amend, whan ye can not apayre.
But against gaie glosers, this rude text recites,
It is not all butter, that the coow shites.
I herd ones a wise man saie to his doughter,
Better is the last smile, than the first laughter.

We shall I trust (q; she) laugh again at last.
Although I be ones out of the fadle cast.
Yet sens I am bent to sit, this will I doo.
Recouer the hors, or lese the saddle too.
Ye neuer could yet (q; she) recouer any hap,
To win or saue ought, to stop any one gap.
For stoppyng of gaps (q; he) care not a rushe.
I will learne, to stop two gaps with one bushe.
Ye will (q; she) as soone stop gaps with rushes,
As with any husbandly handsome bushes,
Your tales haue like tast, where temprance is taster,
To breake my heade, and than geue me a plaster.
Now thrifte is gone, now would ye thriue in all hast.
And whan ye had thrifte, ye had like haste to waste.
Ye lyked than better an ynche of your will,
Than an ell of your thrifte. Wife (q; he) be still.
Maie I be holpe foorth one ynche at a pynche,
I will yet thriue (I saie) As good is an pinche
As an ell. ye can (q; she) make it so, well.
For whan I gaue you an ynche, ye toke an ell.
Till bothe ell and ynche be gone, and we in det,
Maie (q; he) with a wet finger ye can fet,
As muche as maie easily all this mattier ease,
And this debate also pleasauntly appease.
I could doo as muche with an hundred pound now,
As with a thousand afore. I assure yow.
Ye (q; she) who had that he hath not, woulde
Doo that he dooth not, as olde men haue tolde.
Had I, as ye haue, I wolde do more (q; hee)
Than the preest spake of on sondaie, ye should see.

Ye

Ye doo, as I haue (q; she) for nought I haue,
And nough ye do. What man, I trow ye raue.
Wolde ye bothe eate your c[illegible]e, and haue your cake?
Ye haue had of me all that I might make.
And bee a man neuer so greedy to wyn,
Ye can haue no more of the fore but the skyn.
Well (q; he) if ye lyst to bryng it out,
Ye can geue me your blysting in a clout,
That were for my child, (q; she) had I ony,
But husband, I haue neither childe, nor mony.
Ye cast and conjecture this muche lyke in show,
As the blind man casts his staffe, or shootes the crow.
Now be it had I money right muche, and ye none,
Yet to be playne, ye shulde haue none, for Jone.
Nate, he that first flattereth me, as ye haue done,
And dooeth as ye did to me after, so sone.
Ye mate be in my Pater noster in deede.
But be sure, he shall neuer come in my Creede.
Aue Maria (q; he) how muche motion.
Here is to prayers, with how little deuocion.
But some men saie, no peny no Pater noster.
I saie to suche (saide she) no longer foster,
No longer lemman. But faire and well than,
Praie and shifte eche one for him selfe, as he can.
Euery man for him selfe, and god for vs all.
To those wordes he saide nought, but forthwith did fall,
From harping on that string, to faire flattring speche,
And as I erst saide, he did hir so beseche,
That things erst so far of, were now so far on,
That as she mate wallow, away she is gon,

Where all that was left laie with a truſtie freende.
Dwellyng a good walke from her at the towns ende,
And backe again ſtreight a haltyng pace ſhe hobles.
Bringyng a bag of royals and nobles.
All that ſhe had, without reſtraint of one ſole,
She brought bullocks noble. for noble or grote,
Had ſhe not one mo. whiche I after well knew.
And anon ſmilyng, toward him as ſhe drew,
A ſir, light burdeine far heauy (q ſhe)
This light burdein in long walke welny tireth me.
God geue grace, I plaie not the foole this daie.
For here I ſend thare after the helue awaie.
But if ye will ſtint. and auoyd all ſtrife,
Loue and cheriſhe this as ye wold my lyfe,
I will (q he) wyſe, by god almightie.
This gerre comth euen in puddyng time rightlie.
Ye ſnatche at the bag. No haſt but good (q ſhe)
Short ſhootyng leeſeth your game, ye maie ſee.
Ye myſt the cuſhyn, for all your haſt to it.
And I may ſet you beſide the cuſhyn pit,
And make you wype your noſe vpon your ſleeue,
For ought ye ſhall wyn without ye are me leeue.
Haue ye not herd tell all couet all leeſe:
A ſir, I ſee, ye may ſee no greene cheeſe
But your teeth muſte water. A good token toke.
Though ye loue not to bye the pyg in the poke,
Yet ſnatche ye at the poke, that the pyg is in,
Not for the poke, but the pyg good chepe to wyn.
Like one halfe loſt, till greedy graſpyng gat it,
Ye would be ouer the ſtyle, er ye come at it.

But

But abyde frend, yur mother bid till ye were borne.
Snatchyng wynth it not, if ye snatche tyll to morne.
Men saie (saide he) long standyng & small offring
Maketh poore persons. & in such signes & proffryng.
Many praty tales, and mery toys had they,
Before this bag came fully from hir away.
Kyndly he kyst her, with words not tart nor tough.
But the cat knowth whose lips she lickth well enough.
Anone, the bag she delyuered him, and saide,
Ye should beare it, for that it nowe heauy waide.
With good will wise. for it is (saide he to her)
A proude hors that will not beare his own prouander.
And oft before seemd she neuer so wyse,
Yet was she nowe, sodeinly waren as nyse
As it had been a halporth of syluer spoones.
Thus cloudy mornyngs turne to cleere after noones.
But so ny noone it was, that by and by,
Shey rose, and went to diner louyngly.

The x chapiter.

This diner thought he long. & streight after that,
To his accustomed customers he gat,
with who in what time he spēt one grote before
In lesse tyme he spendth now, ten grotes or more.
And in small time he brought the worlde so about,
That he brought the bottom of the bag cleane out.
His dadyng thus agayne made hir ill content.
But she not so muche as dreamd that all was spent,
Howe be it sodeinly she mynded on a daie,
To picke the cheste locke, wherin this bag laie,

Deker.

Determining this, if it laie whole still,
So shall it lie, no mite she mintthe will,
And if the bag began to shrinke, she thought best,
To take for her parte some parte of the rest.
But streight as she had forthwith opened the locke.
And lookt in the bag, what it was a clocke,
Than wes it proued trew. as this prouerbe gothe,
He that cometh last to the pot, is sonest wrothe.
By her comyng lasse, and to late to the pot.
Wherby she was potted, thus lyke a sot,
To se the pot both skymd for rennyng ouer,
And also all the licour renne at rouer.
At her good husbands and her next meetyng,
The diuels good grace might haue geuen a greeting.
Eyther for honour or honestie as good
As she gaue him. She was (as the say) horne wood.
In no place could she sitte, her selfe to settyll.
It seemd to him, she had pist on a nettyll,
She nettled him, and he rattled her so,
That at end of that fraie, a sunder they go.
And neuer after came together againe.
He turnd his out at doores, to grase on the plaine.
And him selfe went after. For within fortnight,
All that was left, was launched out quight.
And thus had he brought haddock to paddocke.
Till they both were not now worth a haddocke.
It hath ben saide, nede maketh the old wife trot.
Other folke saide it, but she did it God wot.
First from freend to freend, and than from dur to dur,
A begging to som that had begged of hur.

But

But as men saie, misery maie be mother,
Where one begger is driuen to beg of an other.
And thus ware, and walked this most wofull wretche.
Tyll death from this lyfe, did her wretchedly fetche,
Her late husbande, and now wydower, here and there
Wandryng about few know, and fewer care where.
Caste out as an abiect, he leadeth his life,
Tell famine by lyke, set him after his wife.

NOVVE let vs note here, fyrst of the first twaine,
Where they both wedded togyther, to remayne,
Hopyng ioyfull presence shuld weare out all wo.
Yet pouertee brought that ioye to confaile, lo.
But notably note these last twayne, where as hee
Tooke hir onely, for that he riche would bee.
And she him onely in hope of good happe,
In her dotyng daies to be daunst on the lappe.
In condicion they differde so many waies,
That lightly he layde her vp for holy daies.
Her good he layde vp so, lesse theues might spie it,
That nother she coulde, nor he can come by it.
Thus failed all foure, of all thynges lesse and more,
Whiche they all, or any of all, maried fore.

The xi. chapiter.

FOr soth (saide my frend) this matter maketh bosk,
Of diminucion. For here is a myll post
Thwitten to a pudding pricke so neerely,
That I confesse me discouraged cleerely,
In both my weddynges, in all thyngs, except one.
This sparke of hope haue I, to proceede vpone.

Though

Though these and some other, spede yll as ye tell,
yet other haue lyued and loued full well.
If I shuld deny that (q; I) I should raue.
For of bothe these sorts, I graunt, that my selfe haue.
Sene of the tone sort, and herde of the tother,
That lyked and liued right well, eche with other.
But whether fortune will you, that man declare,
That shall choose in this choice, your comfort or care
Sens, before ye haue chosen, we can not know,
I thought to laie the worst, as ye the best show.
That ye might, beyng yet at libertie,
with all your ioye, ioygne all your ieoperdie.
And nowe this herde, in these cases on eche parte,
I saie no more, but laie your hand on your harte.
I hartily thanke you (q; he) I am sped
Of mine errande. This hitteth the nayle on the hed.
Who that leaueth suretie, and leaneth to chaunce,
Whan fooles pype, by auctoritee he maie daunce.
And sure am I, of those twayne, if I none choose,
Although I nought wyn, yet shall I nought loose.
And to wyn a woman here, and lose a man,
In all this great wimmyng, what gain win I than?
But marke howe foly hath me awaie caried.
Howe lyke a wethercocke haue I here varied.
First these two women to loose I was so lothe,
That if I might, I woulde haue wedded theim bothe
Than thought I sens, to haue wedded one of them.
And nowe know I clere, I wyll wed none of them.
They bothe shall haue this one answere by letter,
As good neuer a whit as neuer the better.

Now

Nowe let me aye (q I) and your self answere,
The shoyt question, that I asked while ere.
A foule olde rythe widowe, whether med would ye,
Oz a yong fayze maide, beyng pooze as ye be.
In neither barrell better hearyng (q hee)
I lyke thus, richelle as yll as pouertee.
Who that hath either of these pygs in bre,
Pe hath a pig of the wozse panyer sure.
I was wedded vnto me will. Now be it,
I will be deuozt, and be wedde to my wyt.
Wherby with these examples passe, I maie see,
Fonde weddyng, foz loue, oz good onely to flee.
Onely foz loue, oz onely foz good,
Oz onely foz both I wedde not, by my hood.
Thus no one thyng onely, though one thyng chiefly
Shall woo me to wed now: foz nowe I espy,
Although the chiefe one thyng in weddyng be loue,
Pet must mo thyngs ioygne, as all in one may moue
Suche kynde of liuyng, foz suche kynde of life,
As lackyng the same, no lacke to lacke a wyfe.
Here is enough, I am satisfied (saide he.)
Sens enough is enough (saide I) here maie we,
With that one wozd take end good, as may be geast.
Foz folke saie, enough is as good as a feast.

FINIS.

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